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*Frederic Chamier.*

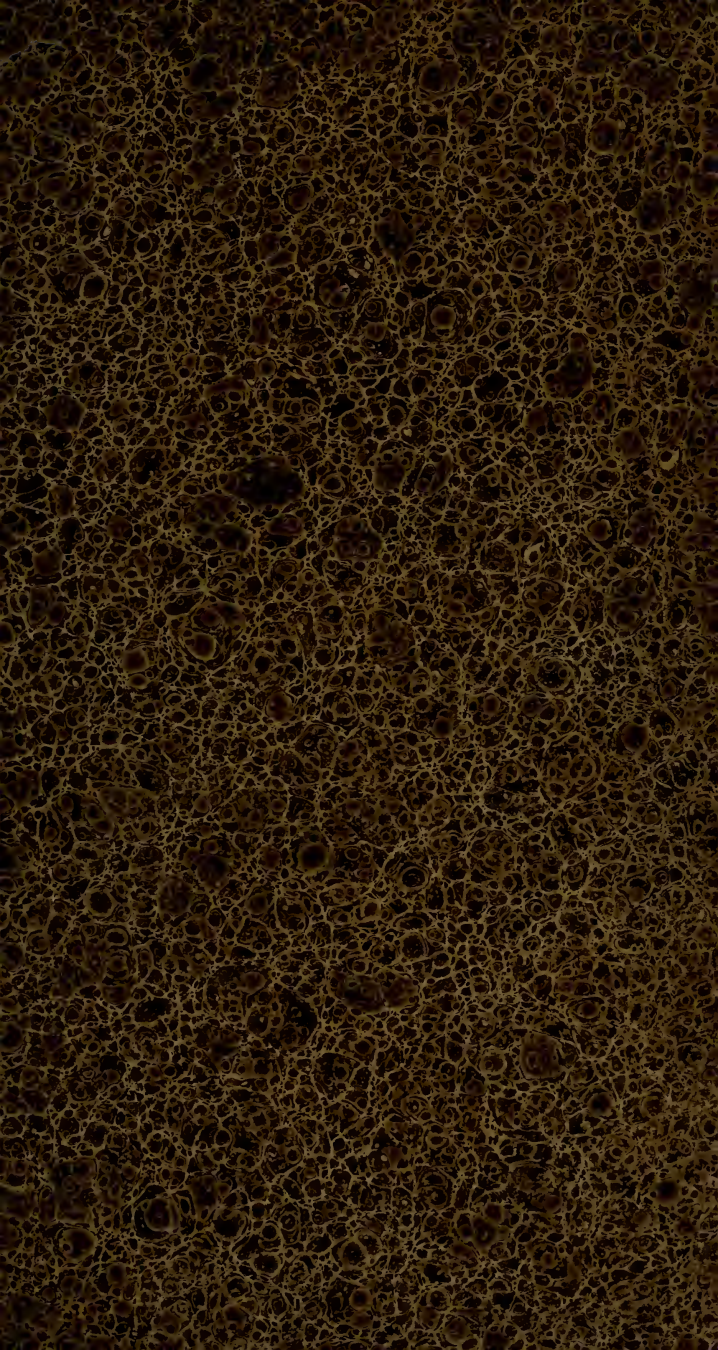


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THE  
PERILS OF BEAUTY.

BY  
CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE LIFE OF A SAILOR," "BEN BRACE," "JACK ADAMS," &c.

"Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost, as mine!  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love—how often hate!  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain—*do all things but forget!*"  
POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE  
PERILS OF BEAUTY.

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CHAPTER I.

The French have a maxim that *l'or fait tout l'honneur et bonheur*; and no one was more sincere in his belief of this saying than Mr. Dionysius Mopus.

Mr. Mopus had arrived at the enviable age of twenty-four; was a man of no small personal attractions; had travelled over much ground at railroad speed, and, by dint of skimming with a quick eye over the country, and listening with a quick ear to the remarks of travellers who had not hurried on at the same

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rate as he had done, he had gained some superficial knowledge ; and, being rather a fluent speaker, he had now become the oracle of a knot of still idler men than himself, who gave themselves only the trouble to remember his “ wise saws and modern instances,” and who quoted him as an authority too just to be doubted, and too erudite to be confounded.

“ I aver, again and again,” said Mr. Mopus, to his obedient listeners, “ that in the advice given by Count Arthur’s father, in Eugene Sue’s book, there is, in spite of the apparent heartlessness, the best counsel for a young man. I would particularly recommend to you all the passage in which the father urges his son not to make rash promises that he will never forget him :—*Mon enfant*, he says, (and Mopus was fond of spluttering French) *quatre vingt mille livres de rentes ne sont jamais odieuses ; et la plus âpre douleur se console toujours. Ne la sais-je pas par moi-meme ? n’ai je pas éprouvé ainsi à la mort de mon Père ; n’éprouverez vous pas ainsi après moi ?*”

“Don’t you wish,” said young Mr. Clincher (the son of Admiral Clincher), “that your father would be kind enough to die, merely to see if six thousand a-year, with a splendid place in the country, would console you so much that you would forget the death in the splendid living which might follow?”

“I do not think,” interrupted Mr. Trophobius Moggs, a sleepy representation of an unknown sire, “that any thing could make me forget my father.”

“Unless,” interrupted the Admiral’s son, “you took an additional spell of sleep, and turned in so tired that you slept without dreaming: then, of course, you would forget him: and, as that happens fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, your grief would not be intense; and what between eating, drinking, and sleeping, grief would soon wear out, and you would freshen into fatness.”

“At any rate,” said Mr. Moggs, “I shall have an opportunity of testing my sincerity before you can wear mourning. That old

father of yours is as bad as the bulwark of the Victory; and although

‘ The bullet and the gout have so knock’d his hull  
about,

That he’ll never more be fit for the sea,’

he will live long enough to keep you in continued restraint, and to show you that in his house as in his ship he is commanding officer.”

“Long may he live,” said Clincher, with enthusiasm — “long may he live, the pride of the ocean, and terror of France; and, although this everlasting peace hinders my making any prize-money, he picked up enough for both during the late war; and when he slips his wind, and makes a board to Gravesend reach, I shall try and do as much good as he has done.”

“I opine,” said Mr. Mopus, “that these perspective views are seldom realized; and as for Moggs’s extraordinary assertion relative to the long-lived memory of his father, I would quote this passage as confirmatory of my own views: *Mon souvenir ne sera jamais compté*

*dans vos joies, dans vos plaisirs, dans vos projets de chaque jour : enfin je ne paraîtrai pas plus dans votre vie florissante et vivace, que la poussière de l'arbre qui a vécu son temps et sert d'engrais à ses rejetons. Rien de plus simple, de plus naturel, je vous le répète.*

My father tells me just the same thing, and one is bound to believe in the authority, since he himself, being about seventy, has long ago forgotten his father, and, what is worse, the continuation of my allowance. But the estate is entailed; and if I can outlive him, the wealth is as certain as the funds of England. For my own part, I candidly aver that, since death is common to all, and we cannot avoid it any more than we can taxation, I shall bear what is inevitable with becoming fortitude; and whenever the time does come which may rob me of one so dear, I shall, I hope, show a proper degree of Christian resignation, and bow to the storm I cannot control. It is painful, no doubt, particularly distressing, and not unattended by expense; and more than once I have imagined how much more satis-

factory it would be to all parties if the old Sicilian law were in force, which allowed sons to dispose of their fathers at the age of fifty."

"Hang me," said Clincher, "if that law does pass, if ever I marry. I have not the least wish to slip my wind at fifty. Why a man must be more than that to be an admiral. But having no children would, of course, ensure a longer life."

"Not the least," said Mopus; "the next of kin would summon his relatives, and you would be beaten to death with clubs, unless you preferred an honourable retirement by either the rope, razor, ball, or bathing. There are a thousand more ways by which elderly men might oblige their heirs. But they endeavour all they can to the contrary. By insuring their lives, and getting good doctors, and keeping themselves free from the cares of life, they hold on (as Clincher would say) to the anchors of existence, and ride out the squall and the gale until they are eighty."

"And so will I," said Clincher, "and so will Trophonius Moggs, who is as fast asleep as a

dormouse in winter. But I know well enough that you, Mopus, would regret the loss of your father as much as any of us, although you would inherit a fortune which would give you more latitude than at present."

"Ay, Clincher," said Mopus, "and make me understand longitude, which is only a difference of time. Come, another bottle; give Moggs a pair of mustachios with a burnt cork; and let us endeavour to forget our present miseries in the soothing cigar. Upon my soul, life is mere existence, under present circumstances. It's true one is not compelled to get out of bed at daylight to work, nor to show before the day is aired. It's also true enough that the house is well provided with servants; that the governor's cellar is open; that as far as eating and drinking is concerned nothing can be much better; that one has horses to ride, and birds to shoot, and nothing to pay. But then there is the dependance — the vile dependance. To be sure the governor is not over strict, never interferes with my parties, cautiously avoids mingling in conversation

which from his age he cannot understand, and retires, like any other old gentlewoman, to the drawing-room fire whilst I carry on the war."

"Surely, my dear Mopus, you do not mean to say that your father's intellects are on the wane! a finer, straightforward fellow I never saw; good to a fault, generous to an extreme, and clear in his judgments."

"All that, my dear Clincher, is very fine; but do you not hear him boring us for ever with the 'wisdom of our ancestors?'—as if the world was wiser in its infancy than in its maturity. Now apply that personally, and you will find that I must be wiser than he is."

"By the poker! as Paddy swore of old, I should be very sorry to broach such logic to the Admiral; he would quietly damn me for a mutinous scoundrel, and pack me off to sea in a gun-brig. Let's rouse up Moggs, and put the question to him."

"Here, old boy," said Clincher, as he shook the sleepy companion, who awoke with his mustachios ready made, "are you awake?"

We have a question to be decided. Which is the greatest fool, Mopus or his father?"

"That's very difficult to decide," said Moggs, as he rubbed half the black over his face; "but it would stand thus, I think, if duly argued. The father is the greatest fool for allowing his son, who is so unable to guide himself, to go without a nurse. Besides, any man is an idiot who allows the reins of government to slip from his hands, and leave the direction of his affairs to one younger than himself. That's my opinion; and now allow me to go to sleep again until you are inclined to join the ladies."

"Go to sleep!" said Mopus; "the opinion of such a sleepy philosopher does not weigh much in the balance. The very idea of a man in these days of independence and clubs talking of going to the ladies! Come, Clincher, my boy, never mind smelling of smoke; Alice will look at you with just the same eyes; and as she is perfume itself — naturally I mean, not artificially — and you'll find that nature is stronger than art — tobacco will yield to the violet sweetness of her breath. She is pretty,

lively, agreeable, and clever; how in the name of Heaven she ever came from such a pack of cross-grained people I cannot divine; but there is not on this earth a brighter, purer, less affected creature than Alice Rivers."

"Gently, gently, Master Mopus; you are too warm in your admiration, and too passionate in your expression. By Heavens! you run alongside of the craft, and, not paying attention to her colours, board her in the smoke before you find out she is under convoy of a friend. I quite agree with you as to her charms, and may perhaps wish that you, so Adonis-like in person, so elegant in manner, and captivating in conversation—not to mention being the only son of a rich baronet, who was called Mopus, I suppose, from having so many of the Mopusses—would just take a reef in your admiration and double your distance, that's all, my friend. Let's drink her health. Here's Alice Rivers, bless her dear little eyes."

"Here's Alice Rivers," said Moggs, jumping from his chair, and filling a bumper. "I could sleep for ever whilst you two were talk-

ing; but when a meteor flashes across my eyes—when a star of such magnitude appears to dazzle us—I am as much alive as any man. Is she coming here to-night?”

“She is in the next room,” replied Mopus. “They sleep here, and that I consider a bore of as great a magnitude as your star, inasmuch as I am obliged to pay attention to the creatures at breakfast, when I would rather be discussing the good things before me.”

“I’m off,” said Moggs, “to change my coat, which smells of your havannahs. And as her name has wakened me from my sleep, I swear, by Cupid’s bow, I will awake that in her sentiments which shall never sleep!”

“Go to the devil!” said Clincher, as Moggs shut the door. “You make her love you! I’ll turn you into ridicule, and that is as sure a damper to love as your wet blanket presence is to conversation. I’ll just step up, Mopus, and change my coat also.”

“Don’t turn it, my dear fellow,” said Mopus. “Bless these innocent boobies!” said the young heir to himself, “I will shew them

the truth of the old fable, that whilst two dogs are quarrelling for the bone, a third steps in and walks off with it. Pretty—a very pretty girl, certainly. Young, but of a moderate hutch, and too many in the warren. Sisters-in-law are nice amusement sometimes, but hers are so diabolically ugly—that is a great drawback. I think I had better consult ‘the wisdom of our ancestors’ before I rush into this mesh, which is strong enough to hold the largest bluebottle, whilst that spider, Love, with its eight eyes, is upon us, and sucks us to death in a moment.”

“Come along, Mopus,” said Moggs, re-entering the dining-room; “don’t sit there any longer, like the pictures of Jupiter in the clouds; here’s Clincher as gay as a skylark in summer.”

With a heart rather fluttering—for sailors in love are rare cowards at an approach—Clincher opened the drawing-room door, and there, round a large table, were seated four or five young ladies, all busily employed making purses, whilst Sir Dionysius Mopus sat in an

arm-chair near the fire, as true a picture of the old English gentleman as ever sat for the drawing. Lady Mopus, the two Miss Clinchers, and Miss Rivers sat at the round table.

“Where is my father?” said Clincher, as he entered.

“Up-stairs, my dear boy,” said Sir Dionysius; “he fancies he has got a chilblain on his wooden leg, and he has gone to rub it with brandy and salt.”

“I suppose,” said Mr. Moggs, “his legs are like the Siamese twins; when you tickled one the other scratched.”

As this produced a titter amongst the ladies, they naturally turned to the speaker, and then the titter grew into a loud laugh, in which all most unceremoniously joined, Moggs enjoying it wonderfully, and contributing his share of the noise.

The door now opened again, and in hobbled Rear Admiral Clincher, who, besides being minus a leg, wore a patch over the left eye, it being on the retired list, or *out* of the service. The other was considerably the worse for

wear, and was called by him his telescopic eye, as it magnified objects at a little distance from him. Moggs instantly advanced and tendered his hand. The Admiral bowed rather stiffly, intimating that there was some mistake, whilst Moggs continued shaking his hand, and expressing his pleasure at seeing him walk so well with so uncomfortable a companion.

“Who the devil are you, sir?” said the Admiral, in his blunt manner.

“Moggs, my dear Admiral—Moggs—Trophonius Moggs.”

“Why, how is this?—I swear, yesterday, you were not in the army, and now you come before me with a pair of mustachios as long as the Grand Turk’s. If you have got any cosmetic to make hair grow at that rate, just give my bald pate a scrub, will you?—for it’s very cold in winter, and I hate wigs.”

Moggs, believing the Admiral at one of his jokes, did him the favour to laugh, and, going up to Sir Dionysius, was about to intimate that the loss of the Admiral’s eye was of no

great consequence, as he evidently saw double with the other—when he caught a glimpse of himself in the glass over the chimney, and there, sure enough, was the wonderful growth of hair. Young Mopus laughed genteelly, just animating the risible muscle; young Clincher was rather more boisterous, whilst the old Admiral and Sir Dionysius gave a specimen of hilarity of former days, and made their fat cheeks shake like a rickety jelly half demolished. Mr. Moggs gave a very particular look at young Clincher, and walked out of the room with becoming gravity.

“He’s got his bristles up,” said the Admiral, “like a hog in a high wind; but if he was only to let out that body of his to the king, to be shot at occasionally, he would soon have enough of that to keep him in good temper with a joke. I suppose, when he has boiled up enough, he’ll come down again and turn his steam off.”

“I hope, Miss Alice,” said young Clincher, “that you do not consider a man actually mischievous because he commits a practical joke.”

Alice raised her beautiful eyes from her work and looked at the young sailor. The very glance was worse than a fire of grape-shot, and made his heart tremble with such rapidity that he was obliged to put his hand on his waistcoat-pocket to keep the silver from jingling!

Young Mopus was right in his description of Alice; but her beauties require a more particular notice. She was fair, of good height, neither spindling up into awkwardness, nor dumpy as a cauliflower; her hair was auburn, and her eyes were large and blue, rather far apart, glowing with animation, and vivid from brightness and clearness. There was a slight tinge of melancholy occasionally in her countenance, but, when she spoke, and her red lips showed the pearl-like teeth, she lit up with vivacity, and you heard the sweetest sounds that ever escaped from the nest of the nightingale. Her figure was unexceptionable; and, on horseback, when the habit betrayed her symmetry, no more beautiful specimen of Nature's fairest work could be seen. Alice

had, like many other beauties, been unhappy at home. There, all the care was bestowed upon a younger sister, whose frail health contrasted sadly with the vigorous youth of the elder one. Hence the occasional melancholy when her thoughts returned to her home, where peevish expressions, or an inattentive ear, gave the cold semblance of a welcome. Too quick to be deceived, she saw and felt the neglect; but again, too good-tempered to allow idleness to drive her into melancholy, she read, worked, played, sung, and drew; thus avoiding the greatest curse of this life, and in perpetual employment finding a recreation and a solace which defied the assaults even of coldness and indifference.

Such was Alice Rivers at the age of eighteen.

“Although,” she answered Clincher’s question, “I laugh at any thing which appears ridiculous, I cannot be blind to the pain and mortification a man must experience when thus exposed to ridicule.”

“But it was done in a moment of levity—

a common joke—which might have happened to Mopus or myself, and which we should have been the first to laugh at.”

“ Provided,” added Alice, with an arch look, “ it did not make you the object of ridicule where you would desire to command respect. Your sister will not so easily forgive you, for she is deprived of his company, and perhaps he might have been a welcome guest.”

“ My sister cannot regret his absence so much as I rejoice at it, since it leaves me to occupy your attention, when perhaps he might have been lured by your eyes, in spite of the dark clearness of my sister’s.”

“ They are very pretty,” said Alice, apparently unheeding the remark.

“ Miss Rivers,” said young Mopus, “ the governor intends a riding party to-morrow. You will make one of the party—the Miss Clinchers assent.”

“ Who is the governor?” said the old Admiral. “ I don’t know of any governor hereabouts.”

“ My father’s the governor,” replied Mopus.

“ Is he, by Jove !” reiterated the Admiral ;  
“ then he keeps his colony in very bad order. I should like to hear my youngster there call me his governor : he should be in a ten-gun brig, in the Bay of Biscay, five days afterwards. The fact is, Mopus, you have never kept your ship’s company under proper order, or they would say ‘ Sir ’ when they spoke to the Captain, and treat the commanding-officer with a little respect. Governor, indeed !—here, youngster, snuff the candles for your sister, and don’t be cater-wauling there.”

“ Yes, *sir*,” said the young gentleman, as he jumped up instantly to obey the orders.

“ Dionysius,” said the old Baronet, “ did you ever say ‘ Sir ’ to me in your life ?”

“ Often — often I call you *Sir* Dionysius, whenever I want any young lady to know you are my governor and a Baronet.”

It was here remarked that the Admiral gave Mr. Dionysius Mopus a look which was quite explanatory of his feelings, and, taking

his snuff-box, gave it such an exciting rap that he stove in the head of it.

“Sad ruffians, those sailors,” murmured young Mopus, in rather an *empresé* manner, to Miss Rivers, as young Clincher left her side to fetch the Admiral another box — “admirably calculated to govern men whose ignorance places them only one degree above savages, and who are blown about from place to place like rubbish in a high wind : but they are worse than mahogany tables — they will not take even a French polish. I wonder if the Miss Clinchers run up stairs for his wooden leg or his dead-light for his eye.”

“I admire sailors,” said Alice, with some enthusiasm — “without them we should have been a French colony, with perhaps not so lenient a governor as we have now. They are a bold, straightforward, generous set of men, who risk their lives daily for the good of their country, and who are very great admirers of our sex.”

“Bold enough, but lamentably ignorant. A man who is all his life at sea must be defi-

cient in the finer part of the laws of society. One laughs at such foolish energy as we just now saw exemplified. Had he been my governor, he might have stumped away and got his fresh ammunition himself. This filial obedience is very good at ten years of age, but once free by law it becomes childish—a want of character—a kind of servile adulation, proper in children, but disreputable in adults. I know you think so.”

“ But sailors,” said Alice, “ although occasionally a little uncouth, are always warm and steady friends.”

“ Warm enough, God knows, if they are all as peppery as the Admiral; but, as for friends, I never had a friend in my life, or felt the want of one. Was there ever a friend who did not condole with you with a sneer on his lip?—or whisper away your character—or borrow your money—or be gratified at your disappointment?—or be always boring about you, and sticking to you like a burr? No, no—a fashionable acquaintance, warranting a discreet familiarity, is drawing the links of

Friendship just as tight as ever I want them."

"How different do I feel!" said Alice. "What would I not give for a friend to whom I could unburthen my mind!—who would share in my griefs, and participate in my good fortunes! Friendship is the greatest blessing of life, because it is so difficult to find—so hard, so very hard to retain."

"Very poetical and romantic!" said Mopus. "But friends are such cursed, privileged people! They walk into your room when you are absent—skim over your papers—sometimes read (accidentally) your letters—and, being tired of themselves, take the privilege of a friend, and bore your very life out, by bestowing their tediousness upon you."

"Richard," said the Admiral, "you have offended Mr. Moggs by an unwarrantable liberty. Go, beg his pardon, and ask him to come down."

"Beg his pardon!" said Mopus. "My dear Richard, you are not going to do so very unfashionable...."

“Go,” said the Admiral — “it is far more courageous to confess a fault than to commit a murder in defence of it. Go, sir, when I tell you; and if he is not satisfied with your explanation, I desire you to offer him an apology before these ladies:—after that, if he refuses, you may shoot at him as long as he likes.”

“Dionysius,” said the father, borrowing a little courage from the Admiral, “ring the bell for the card-table.”

“Why, governor, the bell is so close to you that it would have been less trouble to have pulled it than to have asked me to do it.”

“I’ll ring the bell for you, Sir Dionysius,” said the Admiral, “although I have but one leg; and I know what I would do with the rope, if I had my will.”

The Miss Clinchers sat excessively demurely, never speaking above a whisper; whilst Alice, fearing some explosion, although these remarks were of frequent occurrence, rose hastily, to save the Admiral the trouble.

“ You are a little darling,” said the Admiral, taking her hand ; “ and I hope, whenever you are rash enough to commit marriage, you may find a man as kind and generous as yourself.”

## CHAPTER II.

That evening's party was played to its close : the ladies played the piano, and the gentlemen played whist ; and young Mr. Clincher was desired by his father to play with the girls.

The whist party was particularly ill-assorted. Sir Dionysius played the old English game in use and practice some thirty years before Major A. enlightened the public. The Admiral played what he termed a cutting-out game. Young Mopus, a disciple of General Bon de Vautray and Deschappelles, played the French game, which is infinitely more scientific and sure than ours ; and Moggs played *to win* — his father being a

determined miser, who begrudged him the smallest allowance, and refused his request to be in either church, law, physic, army, navy, or high-stool clerk, because each and all required some money to start with; and who kept him as a poor gentleman, desiring him not to marry unless he could marry a lady immensely rich; knowing that bachelors could always peck and perch in another's roost, and save housekeeping and servants. Moggs was out on a cruise until his ten pounds should be exhausted, or until, like a bad tenant, he had notice to quit.

The Admiral and young Mopus were partners: the Admiral led a small card, which was a singleton; young Mopus, being strong in the other suits, took out the trumps, and then returned the lead; upon which the old Admiral, in his agony of mind, gave a convulsive spasm to his half leg, which made the wooden leg give young Mopus a blow which effectually disturbed the temper of the players; and when he thundered down a losing card, up went the leg again, and gave Moggs such a

kick that he was not likely to close his eyes until the game was over. Young Mopus knew the kick was accident, and, although he could not restrain a sudden "Hah!" he never allowed the pain to master his sense of propriety—he made no remark—seemed rather astonished at finding the strong suit against him—kept his eyes fixed on the table, for there the battle is fought—and then looked to Moggs to play. Moggs was busily employed in rubbing the wounded part, until the Admiral called out with a voice that might have been heard in the main-top in a gale of wind, "Play, sir, and give my partner another opportunity of losing the game." Mopus looked, but never expressed—"What you do *not* know of this game would make an ample stock of knowledge for any one else;" and, when the deal was finished, he said, in a mild tone of voice, "I beg your pardon, Admiral, I forgot you did not play the French game."

This was adding insult to injury, as the maid said when her mistress wrote letters to

different people against her character, and borrowed her sealing-wax to close the dispatch. “The French game!” said the Admiral, with astonishment.—“What the devil do you call the French game?—Whist is an English game, sir; and no Frenchman could ever play that or any other English game. Can they play cricket? Can they play leap-frog? Can they play marbles or hockey? Can they do any thing, and be damn’d to them, but cook cats and get such gulls as you to eat them?”

Mopus smiled and said—“*Une chatte à la jardinière* would not be a bad thing, and *un chat à la Provençal* would soon supersede a rabbit smothered in onions.”

“Curse them all!” said the Admiral, in a boiling rage—“they are a set of ill-begotten monkeys—all made up of paint and putty—who dress their women up like cockatoos, and their men like play-actors. I’ve beat them quite enough at one English game, and will beat them all at this or any other English game.”

“ We have improved upon their games and their inventions,” said Mopus, “ and I really do not see why they should not improve upon ours.”

“ Improve !” said the Admiral.— “ Do you think you are improved by going there?— Come, deal away ; and the next time I hoist a signal, do me the favour to answer it.”

The Admiral, in spite of his rude manner, was a great favourite, as he was a straightforward old hero, with notions almost grown musty from age. Young Mopus smiled and dealt ; and, when the Admiral second hand trumped his right hand adversary’s lead, his partner murmured one of de Vautray’s rules — “ *il n’y faut pas toucher l’inconnu :*” upon which the Admiral swore that if ever he took such an unwarrantable liberty as to splutter in his presence the jargon of those Bourbons, he would throw down his cards and go to bed.

In the mean time young Clincher had devoted himself very much to the fair and beautiful Alice Rivers.

Dick Clincher was a fine, handsome young man, who had distinguished himself as far as opportunities had offered, and who now (like most sailors on shore) was prepared to fall desperately in love with any pretty face he came near, and certainly he had one beside him likely to shake a firmer heart than his. The tales of wonder and of excitement that he was relating to Alice were cut short by the Admiral declaring that he never would play at whist again with any man who had travelled abroad, and who, like a post-chaise, returned none the better for the journey.

The party soon broke up; and, as Sir Dionysius never allowed his visitors to return home after a dinner-party, they each retired to their respective rooms. As the Admiral shook his old friend, his host, by the hand, he said — “ God bless you, Sir Dionysius; I wish I could imitate your coolness. I never can lose my money without some of my temper sailing in company with it; and, ever since I was the size of a handspike, I always thought there was more of Fortune than

judgment in this life. If you were not bound to take in your moorings for the night, I would just run through the Life of Nelson, and show you how many smiles he had from that inconstant young lady, whilst others never could get a peep at her. Here, Richard, come up into my room; I've got something to say to you. Good night, Mr. Trophonius Moggs; I hope your success or your stiff glass of grog won't keep you awake or grow your mustachios again. Good night, young Frenchified; '*dormez vous bien*,' as those everlasting idiots say for 'may you sleep well;'—as if there was any occasion to alter the words, and as if they did not sound as well again in English. Good night to you, ladies. Good night, little beauty; bless your darling eyes!—if I was only young again, and could draw a new leg and eye from the dockyard aloft, none of these gentlemen who stuff a yard of tobacco in their mouths, and puff smoke half the day long, should come within hail of you. Good night to you, fair Alice; forgive an old fellow who has only one eye to look out for beauty, and who seldom finds

it to captivate him as yours has done. She is a fine craft that, Sir Dionysius—what a shape, fore and aft!—Ay, my old friend—such head-rails—such eyes—and enough hair on her head to make chafing-mats for the main-yard of a first-rate!”

So saying, the Admiral stumped away with his wooden leg, and made the galleries sound again. As he proceeded on his march, he was closely followed by his son, who, in obedience to his father's directions, awaited his orders.

“Leave me, Marling,” said the Admiral, to his old servant, “and come back when you are hailed.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” said the old sailor; “but I'm precious afraid I shall get into another harbour, for there's nothing but doors in this old place, and no good bearings to take for a departure.”

It was a strange house this. It was an old and well-known habitation of the eccentric Lord Mopus, who many years before died of a cold caught by perseveringly washing his

feet in cold water every night and morning, to hinder his catching cold by inuring himself to it! He left behind him his house, his hounds, and his mistress. The heir accepted the first, sold the second, and pensioned the third. The title became extinct, and the property, after descending for two generations, and after having accumulated much during the minority of the present possessor, became the residence of Sir Dionysius Mopus.

It required, as Marling had truly remarked, a pilot to keep clear of the different roadsteads, and to run into the right port. In the centre of the house was a large hall, and the staircase formed an inner square leading to long passages, east, west, north, and south. There was no lack of comfort in this straggling mansion. The wind might howl, the rain might patter against the windows, the snow fall, or the driving sleet chill, but inside there was a defence against the elements, in the splendour and the comfort of the furniture. There was no luxury absent which the invention of modern talent and ingenuity had

suggested. Never, in short, was a house better appointed.

“A word with you, Richard,” said the Admiral, as he sat down and relieved himself of his wooden leg. “You know, my boy, that all of our profession are more or less superstitious—I mean us of the good old school. I don’t mean you new-fangled young gentlemen who keep hunters, and not unfrequently, to the shame of our noble service, have been seen dwindling down to marines, and wearing red coats on horseback. If ever I saw you make a lobster of yourself, you might get some land in Australia, and go sheep-feeding and wool-gathering for me. Just step down and bring me up a glass of brandy-and-water; make it taste as little of the latter as possible. I’ve a deal to say, and I shall want to freshen hawse before I’ve done.”

Richard did as he was bid, and on his return found his father sitting by the table with pen, ink, and paper before him, the side of the latter being turned down so as to make a kind of official margin.

“That’s well mixed, Richard; now sit down. You are about as great a Tom Fool,” he began, “as ever I had under my orders. You think that because I have only one eye I must be blind on one side, and you can get that side of me. You are mistaken; I know every thing you do as well as you do yourself; and although I would caution you against many things you do, yet upon the whole I have no reason to be dissatisfied with you. Did you ever hear, Richard, of a midshipman being married since you were born? Which throat do you think he would cut first, his own, or his wife’s? Now you are in love with Alice Rivers, and a nicer girl I never saw; but she has no money, and I can’t afford to give enough to keep you both; besides I would not have you leave the service for all the women in Christendom. Do you know what a woman is?”

Richard smiled, for he flattered himself that he did know a woman from a rhinoceros, if he chanced to meet them together.

“You need not grin so knowingly, young gentleman, for neither you nor Solomon either

(and he had enough of them) ever could fathom that sex. They look sleek, and nice, and soft, and mild, and they sigh, and they blush, and look as calm and as quiet as the Mediterranean in July; but the Gulf of Lyons in winter is a joke to them for squalls, when there is any thing breezing up within them. I know I'm an old fool for asking you to do what I have never done in my life — 'profit by the experience of others.' Don't you have any thing to do with them in the way of marriage. You tie a load to you which is ballast enough to sink you. You never, from the day you are married until the blessed day of your wife's death, can do *exactly* what you like. You can't go here, and you must not go there. You must explain why you do this, and wherefore you will not do that. You are liable to every suspicion. You are watched by the maids, and laughed at by the men. You have not the command of your own ship without fighting for it at least eight times in every four-and-twenty hours; and, whenever a wife comes 'my dear,' and 'my darling,' you may depend

upon it she is going out as a pirate looking like a homely merchantman, to pounce upon your pocket or your person unawares. Very fortunately for you, your mother died when you were one year old, or your ears would have been as long as a Congo nigger's. She heard a few of your cries before she departed, and that gave her a little consolation in her last moments. She was—but I don't wish to say any thing harsh of the dead—about, as Jack says, as cantankerous a catemaran as ever fastened on to a well-built ship, to be towed through life. I can safely say of myself, whatever the doctors might say of her death, that it was '*a happy release.*' Before, however, they had cut away her dog-shores, and launched her, she had spoilt the sweetest temper in the world, and left the once young and gay Clincher, the life and soul of every birth and mess, as soured in manner, as discontented with existence, as any man who had once been in affluence, and had afterwards lingered out his days in poverty. Now I see, by your looks, and I know, by the way you squeeze in

your throat, so as to talk smoothly and softly, and not like an honest sailor, whose voice ought to be as hoarse as a town-crier's, that you are cruising about that craft, and trying to capture her. But I tell you your mother was just as smooth, just as sleek, and, Lord bless us! how soft and milky before she got that ring on her finger — here it is; I wear it as a remembrance of the past, and a warning for the future;—and then a week afterwards that smooth surface began to wrinkle up into a breeze; those lips which pouted with good-humour became firm pressed together; and her eye, which some poet, who ought to have known better by experience, said was like 'a midsummer's lake,' became as flashing and as flaring as a blue light at sea. I soon found out it was not all gold that glittered. I could not even get my glass of grog of a-night! what do you think of that?" said the Admiral, as he smacked his hand on the table, "without being called a walking public-house, or a rum-punchon; and I don't think, from the first breeze to the last gale, I ever had enough fine wea-

ther to set my lower rigging up.—Well!” continued the Admiral, after a pause to take breath, “now I have given you my advice, I’ll give you my orders. You shall proceed to sea in search of your promotion; and if you marry that girl you may cut and run from me. I know human nature too well to encourage marriage in two so young; all the fire would be out of you in a month, and nothing but the ashes remain. Go about the world; see what an empty, hollow-hearted hole it is; learn to think every man has a motive for whatever he does; and when any one calls you an open-hearted sailor, button up your pocket, take his compliment, and hold on your money. The world is composed of only two classes — those who humbug, and those who are humbugged. As the large fish preys upon the smaller, and the hawk upon the sparrow, so one man, more cautiously and more craftily, makes his feast of his neighbour. But take this for a warning: no marriage, when the parties were so young as you and Alice Rivers, ever turned out well. A

man, to be a good husband, must have sobered down into the subjection of himself; and a wife more easily and more readily clings to a man who is older than herself. She then does not feel it a shame to be advised by him, and there is some chance of sailing well together. Your wife that is to be ought now to be about seven years old. Your mother and myself were of the same age; and just look at this scar on my head—it's one of her last legacies. Now I'm going to write to the Admiralty to fit you out afloat, and to-morrow you will say good bye; and mind you do it like a man, not like a sneaking fellow who goes and whimpers in a shrubbery with a white pocket-handkerchief. Just open the door and give Marling a hail. God bless you! I'll push you on if I can in the service; and I hope yet to see you a captain, with as much money as will enable you to dangle your legs over a horse in Hyde Park."

The bell did more for Marling than the shout; and when Richard, who never dared to answer his father, especially when he got into one of his admonitory fits, said to the old

servant "Come in," he took his father's hand, wished him good night, and left the room.

"That fellow 's in love, Marling," said the Admiral.

"I'm blessed, then, your honour, if he had not better be in debt," said Marling.

"Ah!" cried the Admiral, "it's the way of the world. I tumbled in love once."

"Not since missus's death, sure-ly, sir."

"No, no, Marling; men who place light-houses on reefs know the dangers of the coast; but that foolish boy of mine would run right smack into the surf, without thinking of the difficulty of heaving off again. Are all hands gone to bed?"

"Lord bless your honour, no! Young Mr. Mopus has got some oysters and porter in his room; and there's Mr. Moggs, the sleeper—how quietly that man does kill eighteen hours of life out of every twenty-four!—waiting for Mr. Clincher, who is not so much in love with the beautiful lady, but that he will drink her health."

"Well," said the Admiral, "never mind;

that is better than going to bed and brooding over his love. Call me if there's any particular change of wind or weather, and, as usual, good night."

For once in his life, Mr. Trophonius Moggs, at the hour of midnight, was comfortably awake, and, what was more astounding still, looked as if he intended to remain so. He had won a few pounds, and he felt like a man living on a marriage-settlement, on the dividend-day—able to face a small creditor, and, if hard pushed, even to pay him! Young Mopus had been learnedly descanting upon the vulgar prejudices of age, and of those men who in their youth have devoted themselves to one exclusive profession. They wanted, he said, the enlarged views which men obtain by travelling, and the knowledge that other countries exist besides England, in which men can actually "live, and move, and have their being." He was busily engaged in giving his opinion of how far fathers had a right to control their sons after they had come of age, when young Clincher entered, with a countenance not much expressive of joy.

“What in the world could you find to say to your father all this time?” said young Mopus. “If I had been locked up with mine only half the time, I should have distributed all my quotations and all my old sayings, and finished with good night. Has the Admiral come the officer over you?”

“He is going to send me to sea to-morrow, for falling in love with Alice Rivers.”

“And the wisest thing he could do,” said Moggs; “you would be hampered all your life if you married now.”

“You have chosen the sea for your profession,” said Mopus, with a malicious smile, “and I wish you joy of it. I told you the old Admiral would command the ship to the last; and as for moving him by any rational argument, you might as well try to move Gibraltar with a kitchen poker. Don’t you wish now you were your own master?”

“By heavens, I do! although . . . .”

“Don’t qualify it, my friend, excepting with brandy; so do I, and so does Moggs, whenever he’s awake. I only wish I could

suggest a mode by which long-lived fathers could be induced to shorten their careers a little. It's disgustingly marvellous how human life has been prolonged; even the Insurance Companies have been obliged to add to their calculations some five years. Moggs has the only luck amongst us; he can kill his father whenever he thinks proper, and do it in so gentlemanly a manner, that no living soul could suspect him."

"How so?" said Moggs.

"By running in debt for a hundred pounds, and going to jail until he pays it. He likes you just sufficiently to pay it, and he likes his money so intensely, that his debt of nature would be paid with your debt of honour. If you feel particularly disposed to try it, I'll lend you the money, win it of you afterwards, arrest you, clap you into jail, kill your father, attend his funeral, and install you in your fortune."

"My fortune!" said Moggs, bitterly; "my fortune is yet in the mines of America. My father is poor and expatriated; he subsists in

France upon the merest trifle, and sacrifices all his comforts in the hopes that I may make some prosperous venture, and be enabled to live without begging."

"My dear Moggs," said Mopus, with a patronizing air, "you know as little of your father as you do of the longitude. He resided many years in India; never gave one dinner from the day of his arrival to the day of his departure; was the most venal magistrate that ever sat on a bench; his idol was money; he worshipped the golden image in reality; and he would never have been put in the fiery furnace with those three gentlemen with long names, for any transgression of the tyrant's law. What he did with his money few can tell; but this is known, that on his first salary being paid he at once put half into a separate chest; on the half thus excluded from wearing out by circulation he regularly paid compound interest, adding always his half salary. And as he put the money in the chest he has been heard to say, 'Don't thank me, Mr. Chest, it is your due, I owe you the interest, and there it is.'

And thus from a little he soon amassed much, which was let out at about fourteen per cent. ; and no man made more and spent less than your very quiet, shrewd, niggardly, beggarly father. Now take some porter ; and if you have a mind to speculate upon your future fortune, I'll make a bid for the reversion."

Mr. Moggs, junior, had heard somewhat of this before. " But it is impossible," said Moggs, " that he could have retained this fortune ; he lives entirely alone, has only an old woman as a servant, and in all his letters declares my extravagance will kill him."

" Just what I said," remarked Mopus. " You may kill him by your extravagance, but you will never kill him any other way. He may be kind enough to starve himself to death, but it is improbable, for hunger will beat determination any day. Clincher, what the devil are you about, taking the oysters in your fingers, and dipping them in the pounded sugar ?"

Clincher was absent, was desperate, and didn't know what he either did or said.

“I won’t go to sea,” he exclaimed, to himself; “I’ll resist this tyranny; I’ll disobey my father; I’ll leave the service; I’ll .....

“You’ll just go to bed, sir,” said the Admiral, who had taken the liberty to look after his son, “and to-morrow we will see who is to be obeyed. Brush off with you, you white-haired mutineer!”

## CHAPTER III.

In one of the small, narrow, and almost unknown streets in that part of Paris called the Cité, there was one house more wretched than the rest. The entrance to this sink of misery and wretchedness was a low, narrow doorway, which led to a staircase so small, dark, dirty, and decayed, that no stout man would have risked his life without a light to shew him the strongest part of the fabric. This rickety house, supported entirely by its kind friends on each side, both of which inclined a little as if to crush it in, had six stories; and those who lived *au cinquième* could not have been astonished if their lodgers above made an unceremonious visit through the

floor, any more than the tenants *au sixième* could be astonished at any visit from the roof or the rain. Never since Paris had the name of a city could she have shewn a more desperate abode for the poorest of the poor. It boasted no porter, no *concierge*; all the furniture of the six floors, if consigned to the auctioneer, would not have paid the price of the portage. Families huddled together; and from these low dens they sallied forth of a night to gain a slight pittance by either theft or prostitution. Money was almost unknown amongst them; and the sound of gold never rejoiced their ears; they talked in sous, and a franc was a coin they seldom handled.

*Au sixième* in this house there lived, in all the filth and privation of the pauper, an elderly man, whose hair was matted from neglect. His dress was not even a defence against indecency, and his person was loathsome with dirt and neglect. His whole furniture was comprised in an apology for a bed, without curtains, and without sheets; one chair, a leg of which, like Admiral Clincher's, might be

moved at discretion, or replaced at pleasure ; a small round table, the gem of the whole, although broken ; and a very old chest of drawers, which, not having much within them, sustained themselves in a sloping position, relying upon the wall more than on their legs. Some fat, melted into grease, in which was placed some cotton twisted into a wick, illumined or made darkness visible in this wretched abode ; a few very small sticks gave the appearance of a fire ; and by the side of this mock distribution of heat was one or two larger pieces of wood, which had for a month occupied the same place. The fire was nearly rendered invisible from the heap of ashes which retained the heat, and partially distributed it.

The poor wretch who sat at the table had just arrived from one of those very inferior *restaurants*, where sinking nature is partially upheld at the expense of five sous. His coat, the only one which enveloped his person decently, was on the bed, carefully wrapped up ; and the old man, shivering from cold, was about to enter in his book the vast expenditure

of the day, and to sum up his worldly means before he retired to bed. The first item amounted to five sous, and the whole day was carried through for one franc ten sous. This being done, another book was produced, and the sum possessed by this old man in the world was carried on, duly accounting for interest up to the hour. He then took from a corner, scarcely discoverable by rats, a small bag, and, rolling out the contents, counted over fifty-two napoleons, forty francs in silver, and sixty sous in copper. His eyes glistened as he touched the gold; he held it once or twice to the light, run his hands through the mass of money, and, having counted it again, he replaced it in the same nook from which it had been abstracted.

The money had scarcely been concealed, when a low rap at his door announced a visitor. Carefully surveying the place in which was his treasure, and placing his coat in such a manner that inquisitive eyes could not penetrate the secret of his store-room, he took the miserable light, opened the door, and an

old woman, worn and wizened by age and infirmity, followed him into his room. There was no chair but one, and the tottering piece of humanity seemed to require some support.

“Sit there, Madam St. Croix,” said the old man. “What brings you here, this cold and miserable night?”

“Want!—abject want!” replied the croaking creature, “but not for myself. I can live another week without absolute starvation—it is for my child, whose husband has been sent to the galleys for life—it is for her I am come to implore a little assistance, to make a small fire to keep her from being frozen, for she has no clothes, no covering, but that in which she wraps her poor, starving child, and rocks it to sleep, for it breaks her heart to hear it cry, which it does the instant it wakes.”

“Look round this room, Madam St. Croix, and see what valuable article of furniture would fetch five francs, if sold. Why come to one who is nearly forced to solicit charity himself, and whose poverty may be judged of by that fire?”

“There is something about you, monsieur,” said Madam St. Croix, “which is above poverty — there is that which we cannot find in our own class; and therefore I know you to have money, or the means of getting it. You never work — you never beg — your feet are covered by shoes — your body by clothes — you go out to eat at other houses, and you pay for what you have. How can this be done without money? Nay, you pay your rent. How does this money come, if you have none, or no means of obtaining it?”

“A little I have — so little that I can but exist. Look at my thin and miserable body. Would a man of five francs allow his flesh to fall from his bones, had he the means of keeping it in health? Would I sit shivering by the almost exhausted embers of the fire, and feel this biting cold, when, for a few sous, I could get warmth and life? — I have no money. — Money! What would I not give to procure some — even the veriest trifle to carry me through the morrow!”

“The morrow!” said the old woman.—

“The morrow!—what prospect will be brighter to-morrow! The sun that shines alike on all will shine upon my wretched daughter, and light her to her grave. I have tried all the house, and only in this room is there a fire. Would you let her come here and gather some little warmth before she dies? It would enable her once more to look upon the starving child, and see its imploring eye for that she cannot give. And, for this blessing, the prayers of the old woman before you, the helpless mother, and the infant child, shall rise to Heaven! for there the poor are heard, and the wail of distress recorded.”

“Good woman,” said the old man, “I could not object to this, had I not been about to retire to my bed. I sleep but little, and the cries of the child would disturb me. Why hurry me from this world, where even penury and wretchedness desire to live, rather than front the uncertainty in death! I have not a crust of bread, or the smallest quantity of the most wretched wine, or she should have it; for it’s a Christian’s duty to give, and I rejoice in a good action.”

“Hear me, kind sir, for you do not rebuke me or scorn me as others have done; hear me, for the last time, before my child dies!—without support, without fire, she cannot live through this night—the morning may yield us something by applying to the police. Here are two small logs of wood—spare me them, and we will sustain ourselves in spite of the dreadful starvation.”

The old gentleman ran to the logs and stood before them.

“These logs!—I have kept them for a month, in order to warm myself when the weather was the coldest, and it blows piercingly sharp through that broken pane of glass.—Would you leave me to die of cold, and have no pity on the old and distressed man?”

“These small pieces of fagot, then—any thing. Oh! my God! any thing, which for a second shall warm her stiffening limbs! Here, sir, upon my knees I beg, I implore you, send me not empty-handed away! The clock of Nôtre Dame is now striking ten—in another quarter of an hour I must go farther than

these shivering limbs can bear me to get the smallest article money can buy—give me only these small pieces, and we may linger out the night.”

Touched at the appeal, the old man took up the small heap of smaller sticks and began to count them. There were thirty-four in all. He took fifteen of them, and with trembling hand bestowed them upon the woman, who grappled them fiercely and secured them hastily.

“ They will burn ten minutes,” she said, “ and then must come a colder friend—for he is, after all, the only friend, as he lightens the load which bends us to the earth. Thank you, sir; thank you. God give you mercy for this hereafter—it is more blessed to you than to the rich man, who gives what cannot distress him—but you rob yourself to aid one more unfortunate than yourself. Bless you, sir; bless you!” and she kissed the hand she took, and which was not offered. “ When the last sigh of my daughter kills her child, and warns me how soon I am to follow, your name

shall hover upon her lips, and be wafted to Heaven with her last breath."

At this, every feeling of humanity which had long since been hushed in the heart of the miserable man seemed to force down all barriers, and assume their proper channel; the milk of human kindness overflowed and drowned for a moment the impenetrable avarice of a miser's heart;—but caution never forsook him—he led the old woman to the door, saying—

"Don't whisper it to the winds, for they will howl it abroad; don't say how you got it, for it might be terrible to me; wait outside for one moment."

On returning, whilst the current of charity ran over the obduracy of his heart, he opened the bag and took out a coin, the first that came. A sous would have been welcome; a franc, a treasure; but this was beyond all worldly hope—it was gold—it was a napoleon. The quick, expectant eye of the old woman caught the first glimpse of light which fell upon that dross which so much contributes to

our happiness. She seized it with avidity, and left the best response of a heart overcharged with thanksgiving—a tear. She rapidly descended the creaking staircase, muttering her prayers in quick articulation. She threw down the sticks and lighted them instantly, kissed her daughter's cold face, and, rushing into the street, regardless of the winds, and almost unprotected from the cold, she hastened to the nearest shop.

In this part of Paris many thieves resorted, and abandoned women congregated. The shops near to this spot were generally the receiving-houses; and the circumstance of such a pauper having gold would only have led to the suspicion that some fortunate occurrence had shown her where to find it. No questions were asked. Bread, wine, and wood were procured; and a large sausage, the only available comestible for immediate use, was conveyed up the creaking stairs to the abode of penury and misery.

The small pieces of wood still gave a slight heat, and the new wood soon crackled into a

blaze. The old woman never regarded her daughter, but pursued her avocation to make a good fire, over which hung a small cauldron, called a marmite. This had long since been unused, but now some water was thrown in.

The warmth of the fire awoke the miserable mother, now husbandless, and with a glassy deadness of the eye she seemed to survey the unaccustomed blaze; whilst the old woman, having drawn the cork of the wine-bottle, put it to her daughter's lips and poured some of the wine into her mouth. This revived her much, and shortly she began to speak. The old woman made her keep silent, gave her bread to eat, and supplied her with the sausage. In the mean time, the water began to boil, and a small piece of meat having been thrown in with some bread, a more reinvigorating food was presently supplied.

The poor creature for whom these preparations had been made was fast giving way under accumulating sufferings. She hugged her poor babe to her nourishless bosom, and awaited

with patience the little creature's awaking, to give her some of this hastily made broth. She gleaned from her mother the name of the person who, at the eleventh hour, had given this large sum for her relief; and she fervently prayed that, in the great hour of need, some charitable hand would relieve him.

“ But what avails this, mother ? ” said the poor widow. “ This sum, great as it is, will soon be gone, and then the misery we have experienced will return two-fold, from the knowledge of what might be procured by money. Oh, that I could lay down and die, and leave behind me all my cares and my miseries ! ”

“ And then,” said the mother, “ you would not only kill your child, but shorten the days of your parent. There are many ways this can be done, but none more horrid than by a daughter's death — she who has been good to her mother when she had the means, and who dies of starvation before her face ! The great God who led us to this foreigner, and who moved his heart to pity, may yet direct us to another friend.”

Whilst the old woman was thus running on, her daughter began to unfold the child, thinking the warmth of the fire now blazing would be better than the rags in which she was enveloped. No motion of the infant manifested a desire to awake, and it lay on the mother's lap apparently in a sound sleep, but quite cold and still.

"How quiet he lies, mother!" said the widow.—"One would almost think that the poor babe was not hungry, and slept from being overfed."

"Here's a basin and a spoon, child," said the mother—"awaken the little one and give it some broth, and take some yourself, my poor, broken-hearted girl. There—don't cry and look so sadly—the babe may yet be a comfort to you; and I've heard that those who live honestly never die of want. This is cool enough," said the old woman, as she blew upon the contents of the spoon; "let's give it a little, for it is all it can get. How soundly it sleeps! Why, I can't see it breathe! Let me feel its little heart—ah!"

“ It’s dead !” exclaimed the widow, with a shriek. “ Dead ! — my child is dead !”

The mother anxiously applied her hand and chafed the bosom of the infant — it was cold, deadly cold — and the confirmation of the fact produced from the widow a shriek so loud that the few inmates of the house started from their sleep and wondered what new misery was in store for them.

The old gentleman, fearful lest his money might be the object of search, dressed himself quickly, if such a covering could be called a dress, and lighted from the half-smothered embers his miserable lamp, cautiously listening at the door before he unlocked it. He descended the staircase, having fastened his door, and, led by the screams, arrived at the abode of death. The door was open — those who have nothing to lose pawn even their keys. By the fire sat the childless one, almost literally verifying the assertion of her parent, that she was naked. The dead body of her child was supported on her knees, and she was rubbing the infant — for hope never dies in a

mother's heart — to reanimate it. The old woman was kneeling by her side, busily employed upon the same fruitless exertion. Her old eyes streamed with tears, whilst those of her daughter's were dry and scorching.

“ For shame ! for shame ! ” said the old man, as he went to the fire and began to take off the blazing wood. “ For shame ! Such extravagance is criminal. Here is fire enough to roast an ox. And bread, and wine, and soup, and sausage ? What can go on well, when such waste, such criminal waste, is practised ! That's right—rub the child—rubbing does not cost money, and makes a much more wholesome heat than wine or fire.”

“ It's dead ! ” said the grandmother, looking up. “ Dead ! ”

“ Dead ! ” re-echoed the stranger — “ and of what ? ”

“ Of starvation — of cold — of want — of misery — and look at the mother, who feels not all this ! for her heart is on her dead child, and her eyes can see nothing but that.”

For some time the old miser looked on the

child, and then upon the miserable remnants of the bread and wine; at last, quite forgetful of the more striking scene, and having the ruling passion strong in the presence of death, he quietly collected every fragment and placed them in a small cupboard; not a crumb escaped him. "Waste not, want not!" he kept saying, until he had secured every morsel. He was recalled from this employment by the earnest endeavours of the old woman to take the corpse from its mother, and the violent manner in which it was opposed; and having now no object in view which brought forward the strongest disposition of his mind, he turned to offer all the consolation in his power, as words were not expensive.

"Your generosity, good sir, came too late, and I hope you see that I was justified in making the demand. It died, poor thing, before we could get the broth warm. Come, Annette, give me the child, and take something to comfort you. Now, be reasonable, my daughter. There—give it me. Now I have it."

“No, no, no,” burst forth the distracted mother. “Do not part me from my child—cruel men—you have sent my husband away—leave me my boy! It is but a baby—it cannot work!”

“She is distracted,” said the miser. “I should be so if I lost my treasure—that is, if I lost the few sous yet remaining—but she must be taken care of—send for a doctor.”

“A doctor, monsieur! Where is there the doctor who would venture here? None would walk in security here—and no coachman ever heard of the street. Besides—how is he to be paid?”

“Ay—money again—money! Oh, that I had money!” said the miser. “Well, well, I have a person who perhaps would lend it me. I’ll pay for the doctor, if he only comes twice. But it’s a fortune—and medicine is dear and disagreeable.”

“This goodness shall be repaid you, if I can live,” said the old widow. “Old as I am, I can work, and I will be your servant—you shall have your bed made.”

“ I give no wages,” interrupted the miser. “ Mind, I don’t hire you. I give no wages, I say again. Now put your daughter on her bed, and keep her quiet. If she falls asleep, let her sleep. If not, you must go for a doctor, and I’ll watch her. It is a bad business, and so we poor people die. No one cares for us, you see—the living and the dead all keep together, and no apothecary comes to ask how we are. Oh! if I had money, how charitable I would be! But no one gives me money. No, no—I may starve, and no one feed me, like the child there. Good night—I can do nothing here—but, if you want me, call me.”

So saying, the miserable creature crept up stairs, and, carefully fastening his doors, he once more counted over his money, and, getting into his bed, dreamt of his lost napoleon, and awoke at intervals, as the rats ran through the room—thinking that he heard robbers.

It was the best spent napoleon which the miser had bestowed for years—it procured him

a friend in the mother of the child — and henceforth he had a servant without wages, and one who actually oftentimes procured him food.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was a magnificent morning; the early spring began to show forth its flowers, the young and the beautiful seemed to partake of its refreshing influence, and borrowed new charms from the coolness of the air and the fragrance of the breeze. Alice Rivers was accustomed to early rising; and long before the Miss Clinchers had awakened she was strolling alone in the flower-garden, admiring the early blossoms, and gathering some of the modest violets, which, like Innocence and Beauty, conceal themselves from vulgar sight. Perhaps her mind was likewise engaged in remembering the anecdotes she had heard, the dangers, the difficulties which the Admi-

ral's son had overcome, and imagining in him the seeds of a future hero.

It is in solitude Love is best nurtured. In the gay scenes of fashionable life Love is a word used to imply a suitable attachment, and in the midst of all the tumult of a town Love seldom shelters itself; it is in groves, in the quiet of the country, that Love has for ever built her nest; there she keeps warm her attachment, and lives upon the remembrance of affection.

But Alice Rivers possessed the power of discriminating between love in a cottage and a proper establishment in town; she thought that a rural retirement was a very desirable thing during the hot months of July and August; but she was by no means insensible to the charms of a spring in London. Still she was too innocent to speculate much on these advantages, whilst her heart beat quicker as she thought of the sailor. Now was her time to make an eligible match—that is, a match where there is no love, but a little blood and much money; now was her time to

fall in love with poverty in a uniform, or with hope and a sleepy husband ; for such were her three admirers :—Mopus, rich, of good birth, and of richer prospective views ; Clincher, poor, brave, resolute, with all the world before him, and in possession of none of its good things ; and Moggs, who when awake was shrewd and observing, quick in temper, and with every thing to hope for, and nothing to clasp.

Alice was perfectly aware that all three of these young gentlemen were her admirers ; her ears never tingled when Moggs made an animated remark to Miss Clincher, or when Mopus gave his opinion upon her worsted work or drawings. Mopus had an *empresé* manner, and would lead many an uninitiated girl to believe his warmth the result of affection, but it was mere manner ; in conversation with women he always spoke in a low tone of voice, and inclined his head so near to theirs that strangers would imagine it an amatory whisper.

We have said that Alice Rivers was an

early riser. She was also a very observant girl, and on the morning in question one thing struck her—she thought that she could distinguish the mark of a man's boot on the gravel walk, which the dew had so far softened as to allow of the very faint impression. Any thing excites our curiosity in the country—any thing that will give occupation to our thoughts; and thus people stand gaping over hedges to see lambs frisk and play, or in winter watch the leaves as they are blown from the trees; some amuse themselves remarking the quick turn of a butterfly's flight, or gape at a cow as it lies at its ease and chews the cud; every thing is welcome in the country; even a bore of a man is better than nature without him, and the freaks and capers of a hog in a breeze are not to be despised.

Pleased with the pursuit, she carefully followed the track of the footsteps. The mark was too small for the foot of Sir Dionysius, whose occasional gout had rendered large shoes a luxury. It could not be the Admiral's, although he frequently got up to skim the

horizon at daylight, for there was no wooden leg mark to correspond, and the impression was of right and left shoes. Mopus had been known once to walk before breakfast—Moggs never left his bed until he had barely sufficient time to get to breakfast—and young Clincher generally made up by his sleep on shore for what he had lost in his watch when afloat. Still Alice pursued the marks until they led into a thick shrubbery, and whilst pausing to turn in her mind the probability of its being some intruder, and consequently not a person for a young lady to follow, her eyes fell upon a piece of paper folded carefully as a note.

If there is one thing in life more natural than another it is curiosity, for every one, more or less, partakes of it. There could be but little harm, Alice thought, in looking at this note; it evidently had not been on the ground all night, or it would have been damp. It might contain some money which some incautious person might have dropped; it might be a memorandum of dear good old Sir Dionysius. In short, curiosity told her she was

bound to see what it contained, so she took it up; it had no direction, it was open, and she read as follows :

I rose with the first blush of dawn,  
For sleep was a stranger to me,  
And I thought, as I wandered alone,  
I thought, my dear Alice, of thee.  
But I caught not a glimpse of thy face,  
I heard not the sound of thy voice,  
And I roamed round this beautiful place,  
With a heart too oppressed to rejoice.

The birds how they merrily sing,  
The morn to enliven and cheer !—  
Their notes fail me solace to bring,  
And are dull to my desolate ear.  
Around me the flowers are all bloom :  
I walk by the varied parterre,  
I heed not the fragrant perfume—  
My angel of light is not there.

The labourer going to work  
Sings blithely his song as he goes,  
Whilst I shun every face, and I lurk  
Like a mortal o'erburthened with woes.

In solitude still will I walk  
To yon sweetbriar's scented alcove ;  
With the spirit of Alice I'll talk,  
And I'll pen her this strain of my love.

Though perhaps a little namby-pamby, with a considerable draw on the method and metre of Shenstone, there was still some feeling in the verses; and even Alice, however unwilling she might be to take them to herself, could not for a moment doubt but that they were destined for her, and placed there only a few minutes before. Her delicacy instantly prompted her to return, for, had the amatory gentleman seen her read the verses, he might have pushed an offer when an offer might not have been acceptable. Alice took care, however, not to replace the note where she found it; where she *did* place it, it becomes us not to disclose, even if we knew. Certain it is that she hastily retraced her steps, went to her own room, and gratified curiosity by another inspection.

The handwriting was strange to her. Mopus wrote a long straggling hand, as if the first

letter of the line was in chase of all the rest, which grew smaller and smaller like a perspective view; and Moggs wrote a large round kind of lawyer's clerk's hand. This was small, neat, and regular, with great care taken in the punctuation. She could make nothing of it.

## CHAPTER V.

“I’ll tell you what it is,” said Marling, to young Clincher, as he helped him with his toilet—“the Admiral has given strict orders that you are not to fall in love, or not to smoke tobacco; he says he shall give you a written order to that effect, and that he’ll break you if you disobey him.”

“Break a midshipman, Marling! — that would be a cruel sentence—what could I do if it comes to that?”

“Up helm, sir, for the marines; or bear slap away for the church.”

“They are both too full now, Marling. I fear I should have to try farming or diplomacy.”

“I ax your honour’s pardon, but what may that last be?”

“Going to foreign stations, Marling, as secretary to an ambassador; then I should have to write home about the court, the intentions of the king, negotiate treaties, and rise afterwards to be his Majesty’s representative in Russia or in Austria.”

“By gum,” said Marling, to himself, “the Admiral’s right, he is just as mad as Marmaduke Weskell, who thought he had been to heaven. A representative of his Majesty! why he is no more like the king, God bless him, than he is like a piece of twice-laid rope!”

“Hand my coat here, Marling; not that thing—my piece of pink—don’t you see I’ve got my top boots on and spurs.”

“I wonder, your honour, how a man feels in those sliding gunter leathers—I never saw a common sailor in top boots in my life, and I think it must be as queer as being in love. My eye, if the Admiral sees you in that coat, sir, he’ll think they have boiled

you into a lobster — you'll catch a precious jobation !”

“ I don't care one straw, Marling, what I catch, but dress I will in pink. Hunt I will ; and fall in love I will.”

“ A mutiny, by the piper !” said Marling.

“ You may just tell old timber-toe that I'm desperate ; and that I'm going to hunt in hopes of breaking my neck.”

“ You'll shorten the poor old gentleman's life, sir, you will indeed. I heard him say if anything could do so it would be going without his grog of a night and seeing you on horseback.”

“ I am much obliged to you for the hint ; I wanted a lesson in that art ; now off with you, tell my father I'm gone stark mad, and have got on a red coat, to see if Miss Rivers likes a soldier better than a sailor, and that I'm going to ride young Mr. Mopus's ‘ Springheeled Jack,’ which has thrown every one that ever got athwart it, and kicked two pigs and one child to death.”

Down went Mr. Clincher, looking as unlike

a sailor as any one could well imagine, and, ushering himself into the breakfast-room, made his bow to the ladies. Miss Rivers's eyes were upon him with that inquiring look which seldom fails to penetrate a secret; but if Clincher had walked early and penned the effusion she had read, remained uncertain; if he had, he was admirably fitted for diplomacy, which seems to be the art of telling the greatest quantity of lies with the smoothest imaginable countenance; or the art of deception under the garb of honesty. The Miss Clinchers laughed, Alice smiled, Sir Dionysius bellowed tally-ho, and asked him if he would like a stouter pair of spurs to hold on by, and turning him round, admired the cut of the uniform.

The rest of the party presently appeared, with the exception of the Admiral, and the conversation took that general turn which in the country so seldom varies, excepting when the newspaper arrives. Alice spoke in raptures of the country, of early rising, of the freshness of spring, of the beautiful perfume of the sweetbriar.

"I never was an early riser," said young Mopus, "upon principle; no man rises early who is not proud of it. Pride was the occasion of the fall of the angels; hence, upon logical deduction, those who rise early rush into danger."

"All my life," said young Clincher, "at least every third morning since I was thirteen, I have been up at four o'clock. I have seen some beautiful sunrises, but, saving the poetry of the affair, I think a swing in a hammock preferable to any exercise at that unseasonable hour; besides, I have all that leeway to bring up. I reckon that sleep owes me nearly half a year's continual drowsiness, and I am a harsh creditor and exact the payment. Did you ever see the sun rise, Moggs?"

"Not that I can directly recollect. I suppose it's similar to a sun-set; it's only seeing the sun near the horizon, and whether it is in the morning or the evening cannot make much difference."

"Get up to-morrow," said Sir Dionysius

“and you will find something else to look at besides the sun. I saw a very gentlemanly young man stalking close to my flower-garden this morning : he seemed attracted by the beauty of the spot, and as that was a compliment to me, for I made this place, I allowed him to look, without warning him of the trespass.”

Alice's face blanched instantly, and then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she sent the blood back upon her cheeks and crimsoned the lily ; but she was a girl who could master most feelings, and she soon schooled herself down into comparative indifference.

“What the devil have we got here ?” said the Admiral, as he came bouncing in ; “a regiment of soldiers billeted on the baronet ! how are you, my old friend ? and you, little cherry lips ? bless my heart, how I wish I was young again ! Why, child, you have been out this morning, and gathered some of the beauties of the spring, which you have transplanted to your cheeks. There, young Frenchee, there's

a speech I got out of a book about forty years ago, and which . . . .”

“ You have repeated ever since upon all possible occasions, Admiral. Sit down and breakfast. Miss Alice consults a looking-glass, and neither you nor your son can make her more conscious of her glowing beauty than that silent monitor, who reflects without speaking. Here’s some *poulet à la tartare*.”

The Admiral pushed it away as if it had been poison, and, stumping up to the side table, attacked with considerable energy a round of cold salt beef.

All the ladies were slightly loquacious but Alice, who ate but little, and seemed like a criminal before a judge, who, whilst maintaining his innocence, feels and knows himself guilty. This want of vivacity was remarked by the Admiral, who really liked the clever, agreeable, pretty Alice.

“ I tell you what it is, my little goddess of beauty,” said the old Admiral, “ I cannot find it in my heart to quarrel with my son for

tumbling in love with you, when I'm in that mesh myself. Beautiful craft! sweet run from stem to stern, no paint or putty, all fair and above-board."

These and many more such uncouth remarks of the old Admiral brought an occasional smile, and not unfrequently a blush from Alice, while the two Miss Clinchers sat as stationary and as upright as unread books upon high shelves, boiling over with jealousy and hatred of the beauty, though they professed the greatest admiration of her, and declared she did look divinely handsome.

It was quite a comedy to watch how the different admirers made their approaches. Young Mopus turned every thing to advantage in drawing Alice into an answer and a conversation with him. Clincher rubbed his hands and cheered on his father, who became thus his son's speaking-trumpet; and Trophobius Moggs never said a word, but kept his eyes fixed on Alice's face, and turned them away as if dazzled by lightning when she happened to look at him. Mopus thought him-

self a catch ; Clincher wanted to be caught ; and Moggs never dreamt that he could have the luck to be caught. The silent system in love and in prison discipline has been found very effective.

“ ‘ To horse, to horse ! ’ ” said Sir Dionysius : “ you have a long way to ride to cover. Now, young sailor, let’s set you off.”

“ What’s all this ? ” said the Admiral ; “ going to hunt, indeed ! — not you, I promise you. A sailor might ride the spanker-boom in a head sea ; but for a midshipman to go out hunting is a more desperate undertaking than cutting out the *Hermione*. Did I ever tell you that yarn, Admiral ? ”

“ I can vouch for it,” replied young Mopus. “ But, if my father has forgotten it, you can tell it again when we are gone ; or do inflict it upon Moggs ; he is very fond of naval engagements, and says there is a very slight difference between a yarn and a yawn. Come along, Clincher, your father has not got his flag up here ; my governor’s the commanding-officer.”

The Admiral, seeing his son resolved to hunt, and making certain allusions to his not being a baby, or a milk-sop, or in leading-strings, went with Sir Dionysius to see the boys mount.

“Avast there, Richard!” he said, to his son, “you must get the larboard-side of the animal. Have a Jacob’s ladder thrown over him, and then get athwart him; never mind the braces until you get on the quarter-deck.”

“Nonsense, sir,” said Richard, who could not bear the titter of the ladies above or the maids below.

“Don’t I know more about stepping a mast than you. I tell you I’ll have you swung ship-shape fashion, and lowered down on the saddle. Don’t get so near his head, and turn your back to his mouth; he’ll take a fid out of your stern-post. That’s a good jump, boy. Well done! you look as upright as a frigate’s main-mast. Now, Marling, come and secure the youngster.”

“What are you going to do now, sir?” said

Richard, in a rage; "have you not made me ridiculous enough already?"

"I'll make you safe enough, like a seaman who knows how to secure a mast. Now, Marling, set the stay up first, take it to the bits forward, and then get the animal's tail for a back-stay, and brace it up well; lash his legs with a good stout heel-lashing, and then the horse may pitch about as much as it likes, or roll over the starboard or to port, but it will never pitch the mast out of him."

How far the Admiral might have carried out his strange intention is uncertain, for Spring-heeled Jack resisted the attack on his tail, and kicked.

Whilst this scene was going on, young Mr. Mopus was drawing on a clean pair of stout white gloves, receiving the stick of his whip, with merely the loop at the end—for a lash is quite unfashionable, as it might be useful—lighting his cigar, finding a profusion of faults, and then carelessly swinging himself into the saddle, called out to Clincher to follow, and started off at a canter, which Clincher's horse

took the liberty of doing without persuasion, giving a most spiteful kick at Marling, who called out, "Ease her with the helm, Mr. Clincher, for she's terrible uneasy in a sea-way."

## CHAPTER V.

“It must be he, and only he,” said Alice, as she strolled towards the flower-garden. “This long attachment, this fresh mark of his affection, this watchfulness over me wherever I go, might soften a harder heart than mine; and yet I cannot, must not meet him. Ah! .....”

She stopped at hearing a footstep close to her, her heart palpitated with fearful rapidity, her cheeks were blanched, and her whole frame trembled, as she turned and beheld Trophonius Moggs!

“You look frightened, Miss Rivers; I am not, I hope, so very objectionable in your sight as to cause alarm at my approach?”

“It was but a sudden giddiness which overcame me, and — and — something rustling in the border, which I foolishly thought was a snake. Why did not you hunt with your friends? I fear you must feel their absence sadly?”

“I feel very grateful for that absence, as for once in my life it procures me the pleasure of a conversation alone with you. Alas! Miss Rivers, it is seldom that those whose prospects are uncertain are allowed the dazzling pleasure of the society of beauty. We are excluded by common consent, and, whilst alive to the keen enchantment of loveliness, are condemned to silence, lest we should be presumptuous.”

Mr. Moggs had certainly never made so long a speech before, and even Alice was astonished.

“I presume, Mr. Moggs,” said she, “that is optional with you, although I admit ladies may entice a conversation; yet surely no one was ever rude enough to forbid it.”

Moggs looked on the ground as he walked

along in silence, until, after a deep sigh, he again broke out—

“Of all the miseries of this life, there is none like uncertainty; there is nothing which weighs so heavily against a man as the impossibility of his approaching your sex from the knowledge of his inability to answer this question, which must be asked—‘Who are you?’”

“And, pray,” said Alice, smiling, “cannot you tell who you are?”

“Indeed, I cannot. My mother died at my birth. I have never seen my father, and am forbidden to seek after him. He writes to me, but it is always on a scrap of paper that appears to have been saved from the gutter. I receive my directions how to act from such documents as this.”

Here Moggs produced a small piece of dirty paper, and handed it to Alice, who rather excused herself from prying into the secrets of a man she was not prepared to favour; but curiosity was stronger than prudence, and she read the letter. It was in these words:—

“ My Son,

“ Never write by the post, but get a friend to bring the letter to Paris. I have sent ten pounds to the old place. You are fearfully extravagant, and I am obliged to starve to give you this ; but I would give my blood for you—your Father.”

“ It certainly is not a very parental letter,” said Alice, with a smile ; “ but it has some affection in the allusion to his blood ; and, if it is not an improper question, for I own my curiosity is much excited, do these letters come often ?”

“ No, indeed, the money is paid by an old man in the city, who is as cautious of an answer as I am of a question ; and I have been frequently told in these scraps that the least attempt to discover my father will instantly be followed by a stoppage of payment of my very trifling allowance. As yet, I have never dared to search him out, and throw myself at his feet and bless him, and work for him ; and I have slept, to check my disposition to do this undutiful task ; but, as I grow older, I

feel more and more that with cautious prudence I could undertake this business without detection."

"What a pleasant life of excitement it would be!" said Alice. "Have you no clue to him?"

"Only this, which may or may not be true. He says he is in Paris, you see; and you know now as much of my father as I do myself. Supposing sickness were to leave him unable to continue the supplies—what could I do then?"

"Your friends, Mr. Mopus, Mr. Clincher, and others, would advance what you might require."

"Fair and beautiful as you are, Miss Rivers," said Moggs, warmly—"kind and generous as you may be, you know very little of the hard-hearted disposition of human nature. 'A friend' is nearly as much an empty phrase as 'a lover.' In the sunshine of prosperity, your friend will be true to you; in adversity, it is astonishing how transient is the memory. I manage, by great prudence, to keep up an appearance;

but however much I might admire the fairest woman, I would never make the smallest advance until she was well acquainted with my forlorn position. Condemned as I am to cringe to some, and to bear, without resentment, and apparently without envy, the lavish expenditure of those who do it to make me look so much beneath them, I feel I have a heart above an ungenerous action, and a pride in my own knowledge that I am above deceit."

"It is very fortunate, Mr. Moggs," said Alice, "that I am not you, or I should most certainly run all risks of poverty to find out my parent. I am aware his commands ought to be obeyed; but there are some cases in which a man is justified in disobeying even a father. I really pity you very much, and wish I could advise you."

"You can do more than that, Miss Rivers; you can give me hope that you would be interested in the result."

"I am already interested in the detail; and certainly I should be more so in the result."

"I really think that I will start to-morrow

for Paris. But how should I reconcile my conduct if, by depriving my father of the concealment he courts, I should abridge his life?"

"In all probability, when the first shock was over, and you threw yourself into his arms, he would rejoice to have found in his son a man anxious to be his protector, to assist him in his old age. It is always a pleasant sight to see an old man supported by the strong arm of a lusty son. It is a good cause in which you proceed; and, amidst all your friends, Mr. Moggs, you will find none more truly happy at your success than myself."

Moggs took her hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips; his eyes met hers, and there was a softness of expression, a glow of such benevolence, with so much interest, that he could not refrain from saying:—

"Surely you are the purest angel that ever walked this earth!"

And then, as if frightened at his own audacity, he wished her a happy ramble amidst the flowers, and was about to take his departure.

"Stay, Mr. Moggs, a moment. I have a

question to ask you, which I know you will answer in all truth: did you ever write verses to a young lady?"

Moggs opened his mouth with astonishment, and answered, with all sincerity, "I never wrote a line in my life. I once tried for a friend of mine to get him up a sonnet to a dead bird, but I fell fast asleep, and the lady died before I had found out a rhyme to the word 'month.' No, if ever love works a miracle by turning me into a poet, it must be by the agency of some angel like yourself."

"Then to-morrow you start for Paris?" said Alice, thus turning the conversation.

"I have not yet resolved; but, when once my mind is made up, I shall not want firmness to carry me through. Before I go to bed to-night my plans will be arranged."

Poor Trophonius Moggs retired to his room to meditate on his plans, but was soon fast asleep, in spite of all his exertions to the contrary.

The shrubberies of the magnificent abode of the baronet wound their tortuous paths occa-

sionally near to a narrow road surrounding the flower-garden, which was at some distance from the house. Here Alice had taken her morning's walk, and here, led by curiosity, she again strolled. She passed the spot where she had found the verses of the morning, and was proceeding in that abstracted mood which people usually assume when, wrapped in thought, they wander over years and years in a few seconds, recalling objects altogether unconnected with their immediate thoughts. Having passed the spot, she turned her mind to the late interview with Mr. Moggs, and was ruminating on his singular disclosure, when she was suddenly stopped by a voice close to her, calling "Alice !" She turned, and there, beside her, stood the man who was her earliest attachment.

"I am here, Alice !" exclaimed he ; "wherever you are I am not far distant ; it is vain to command my absence ; you know my firmness, you know my resolution, you know my love. Oh ! if in the heart which animates that lovely frame one spark of pity yet exists,

bestow it on the man you have made miserable for life ! Think how, year after year, and day after day, I have watched your footsteps ; how, with the morning's first dawn, I awake to catch one glimpse of you ; how I have altered, amended, and removed the objection which your harsh mother raised as the obstacle to our union. Think of our early days, when, hand in hand, we walked as friends the most united, and do one great right for all I have suffered—forgive and receive me.”

“ Why persecute me thus ? ”

“ Oh ! call it not persecution ; say why love me so ? why let attachment tempt you to follow me ? — call it not that name, as if I was an object to be hated and despised.”

“ You know I cannot, dare not listen to you. You know my marriage with you would be the signal for my mother's death ; her very existence would be the penalty of my disobedience. It was no light objection that prompted her to give her refusal ; and without her consent I cannot, will not give mine.”

“ Say, dearest Alice—say, then, that if that

objection had not been made you would not have withheld your love ; teach me some means to overcome your mother's resentment, and half my life shall be sacrificed to the consummation of my hopes. *You* do not hate me—*you* do not despise me ; that which was criminal in your mother's eyes is but venial in those above us. I have conquered it, Alice, and in my future life I swear . . . .”

“I will not hear the oath your weakness will make you break. Once you swore to amend ; and then I had obtained a promise from my mother that if, after a lapse of time, such was the case, I should be allowed to see you. Remember the affair at Paris, and think how my parent rejoiced when I was released from my promise, and, following their injunctions, desired you never to cross my path again. Go, now, before others see you here, before your presence blights my character.”

“ Say, then, I am still dear to you ; say that your early love has still retained the object once dear to your heart ; name any time, however distant ; give me but some hope to cheer

me through life, and I will bear my burthen like a pilgrim, cheered on by that hope which is now so nearly blighted. Oh ! Alice, would I could impart to you the joy, the matchless joy, I felt (though but for a moment) when you placed my verses this morning in your bosom, and thus conveyed them away."

" You saw me, then," said Alice, " and forbore to speak to me ?"

" I should have knelt at your feet, had not the old baronet appeared. I leapt the palings, and he saw me looking over, for I watched the last flutter of your dress as you hastily withdrew. This moment is now our own ; give me but the blessing of one short minute's conversation ; hear how my prospects are brightened, and give me, if not your hand, your renewed promise that my name may be cherished by you."

He raised his eyes to hers, and there saw the soft gaze, as if heart and soul had concentrated all their powers and fell upon his own. In that look was the eloquence of love. He was too well aware of the unguarded position

of the heart at that moment. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips; and, as in raptures he gazed upon that lovely face, he drew it gently towards him and imprinted a tender kiss. How silently, how eloquently he looked upon the fond girl, who, overcome by his constancy, had returned in a moment to her early attachment, and in an instant had forgotten her promises to her parent — even the vows she had made to herself!

“Once more, my own Alice, look upon me, and take this parting kiss. I will not remain here, to let suspicion rest upon your name. In all honour I came, and, having gained your promise, I will depart.”

“Stay, stay yet a little, for I cannot lose you now. Think not that, surrounded by the young, the gay, the affluent, I have forgotten you. My mother checked, but could not extinguish my love. And your constancy, after a trial of four years, shall have its reward, if this poor hand can be a reward.”

“And your mother, Alice? — Can you overcome her reluctance?”

“ I fear it will be there a hard contest ; but the assurance that you have conquered that vile propensity—that which impoverishes the richest family, and leaves behind it madness, starvation, or suicide — is that so far overcome as never to rise again ? ”

“ How lovely ! how divinely lovely you look, Alice ! How bright and beautiful are those eyes ! And look, dearest ! this lock of hair I have treasured — this ringlet which in happy hours I solicited and obtained. Here I could gaze for hours with you, dearest angel ! But here I must not — for my presence would compromise you. I am thankful — grateful for your calling on me to remain ; but I will not allow the keen delights of this moment to overcome my prudence.”

“ When shall you return ? When shall I see you again ? ”

“ Before a week you will hear of me ; and in that week this solitary walk will be . . . . ”

“ My only comfort,” interrupted Alice. “ Not a morning will pass without my being here. Here shall I remember my renewed

faith, and in these shady retreats gather my only solace for your society. I hear some one near."

"This, and this," exclaimed he, "are the last records of this day's brightness."

He kissed her fondly, and, leaping the palings with the agility of a greyhound, hastened his retreat along the road.

No sooner was he gone, than Alice sank down, perfectly overcome by her feelings. On recovering herself, her heart reproached her for the weak part she had played. She had promised her mother never to entertain a thought of her former love. She had heard the thrilling anecdotes of a gambler's life, and she had been warned of the precipice near which she had walked. There are but few women who are proof against the constancy of man—against him who runs all hazards for one momentary glance—who pursues the object of his love with unremitting assiduity—and who, when the ear is inclined towards him, can distil at pleasure the sweetness of words, and let it flow to charm the

listener. The eye, too ! what sentiments cannot it declare, when every earthly object is shut from the vision but that which absorbs all others ! How expressively does it speak ! How eloquent is that look, in which all the finer feelings have overcome the rush of passion or the hurry of expectancy, and are devoted in one glance to the object before them ! There is a look in a woman's eyes which no pen has ever yet described—that look is fatal to her when the man coolly watches his opportunity — it is an index of the mind, too eloquently, too fearfully true.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ There,” said the Admiral, “ there — I knew how all this would end. There’s your son, Mopus, rides into the stable-yard with a cigar in his mouth, and mine is coming after him on a hurdle.”

“ He’s not hurt, I hope.”

“ Foxhunters,” said young Mopus, as he entered the room, “ are never hurt. There is an especial Providence for foxhunters and drunken men. It was a beautiful fall; and *he rode for it* like a Nimrod, but he pitched badly and is a little bruised.”

“ If ever he dares to put himself on the outside of a horse again,” said the Admiral,

“ I’ll punish him. He shall not go to sea for six months, as sure as he’s alive.”

Here the Miss Clinchers arrived, and, hearing that an accident had happened, began to cry most piteously ; whilst the youngest, after giving way to a copious flood of tears, could not help remarking how unfortunate it would be if her brother died just then, “ as their spring bonnets were made up.”

Young Clincher was now brought into the yard on a hurdle ; his head was cut, and he had bled sufficiently to render him very faint ; but it was evident to those knowing in falls that he was not seriously injured. The shriek of the ladies, when they saw the blood, awoke Moggs, who became instantly alive to the case, and walked down stairs, volunteering in the most handsome manner to go for a doctor.

“ It’s nothing at all,” said Sir Dionysius. “ I have been almost scalped three times, and a little blood relieves the head wonderfully ; but we must send for a doctor and put him to bed.”

It was curious to see the Admiral stumping

about, alarmed at the accident to his son, and yet pleased at the event as the result of insubordination. Neither did Marling escape without a few oaths for his clumsiness in handling his young master; whilst young Clincher, by way of exciting the party still more, declared how lucky it was that his father had a storeroom full of wooden legs, as he should be able to draw them out for service after the doctor had lopped off his limb, which he knew was broken.

There was time enough for quick-eyed women to make a few observations; and the Miss Clinchers remarked that, although Alice Rivers manifested some sorrow at the accident, yet that certainly she took the business very coolly for one who had evinced a partiality for the sufferer: indeed her mind seemed absorbed in other reflections, and the eye looked so absent that it was hinted by the eldest Miss Clincher that she was apprehensive the accident had driven her mad.

Dinner was announced, and the party sat down. The Admiral was fidgety—Sir Dio-

nysius anxious—young Mopus hungry—Moggs pondering—Alice absent—and the Miss Clinchers, wisely considering there was a time for all things, made use of the present time for the purpose to which it ought to be devoted.

“How far does this Mr. Scraggings live, Sir Dionysius?” asked the Admiral.

“About seven miles. Sometimes he is out about twenty miles the other way; but he is wonderfully expeditious, and you will be delighted with his surgery.”

“I have not the slightest doubt,” said young Mopus, “but that he will settle your son’s head in four minutes. I’ll bet you a pound, Moggs, that he cuts off the flap, plasters up the skull, or trepans him, if it is requisite, in five minutes.”

“Good God! how very shocking!” said the eldest sister. “I wonder you can talk of such operations before my father!”

“Never mind my feelings, girls; it’s the new French fashion to treat old men as idiots and young men as monkeys; but happen what may, your brother will bear it like a man—

and I am only sorry that accidents, like friendship, are not more frequently shared."

"La gloire est un enchanteresse—  
L'amitié seul est un bonheur."

"L'amour est un moment d'ivresse—"

remarked Alice, replacing the line which young Mopus had omitted.

"My son, my old friend," said the Admiral, "went to that cat-eating country merely to see if the inhabitants wore tails, like their images in the woods; and it's my pride, my greatest pride to say, that he never learned one word of their vile language. I thought any thing would sound softly from your lips, little Alice; but I don't think that even you could tempt me to listen to that snuffling jargon; and, as for my daughters, if ever I hear them sing a French song, or make a French quotation, I'll dock their allowances, and leave them as poor as a Mexican beggar."

"Get over your antipathy, my old friend," said Sir Dionysius, "and try some of these

*cotellettes d'agneau en epigramme*; they were cut from an English lamb, dressed by an English cook on an English fire, and there is nothing French about them but the name."

"I'd just as soon eat an Otaheitan child, baked upon hot stones and rolled up in leaves, as touch that garlic-stuffed dish; it's of French origin, and it must be a villanous compound."

"Do you like nothing that comes from France, Admiral?" said young Mopus. "What say you to a glass of the governor's champagne? it's Albretch's best; it's magnificent; cold and unadulterated; — or would you cool your anger against France, by swallowing a little of this Leoville? it came from the same house, and I will answer for its high flavour."

"I see no objection to their wines," said the Admiral, with a smile, "because they are natural; a vine is a vine. Noah had vines, had he not girls? for we have an expression (what do you blush for?) as drunk as Noah. Now these nasty monkeys have a climate to

bring this fruit to perfection, and I estimate it as the blessing of Providence, of which we ought to avail ourselves. Your health! it is admirable, delicious, and if I could muster up resolution enough to spend a farthing by promoting their commerce, I think I would try some of Albretch's champagne."

"Mr. Moggs," said Alice, "is going to Paris to-morrow, and he could order you some."

At these words, the first which Alice had uttered, she who generally enlivened every society by the charm of her easy nature and conversation, the company appeared astonished. The youngest Miss Clincher, who had often encouraged Moggs to conversation with her dark eye, wondered how Alice could be so intimate with Mr. Moggs's movements; whilst the old baronet, with his genuine English feelings of hospitality, exclaimed—

"What! Mr. Moggs, are you going to desert us for Paris? I had hoped you had taken up your quarters here for a month lon-

ger. But do as you like; this is always my maxim—

‘ True hospitality is thus expressed,

Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest.’

So arrange with my son about horses and carriages, and when next you come to England, if, according to the Admiral, you survive your perilous undertaking, run down here and make yourself at home.”

Moggs bowed and expressed his gratitude.

“ I understand, Mr. Moggs,” said the Admiral, “ that you and sleep are capital friends—mind, from the moment you land, you sleep with your mouth shut, or they will draw your teeth—(Alice smiled)—it’s true enough, young beauty; when the *Amphitrite* was lost at Boulogne with one hundred and thirty women on board, they became prizes to the hairdressers and dentists in the course of the night: they drew the teeth and cut off the hair of *hæa* sdæps uæw e ji puY .wæht jo lle tsoumle soundly, it’s tempting human nature too much.”

At this moment a note was put in young

Mopus's hand ; it ran thus : "The old Admiral has ordered my provisions and wine to be stopped, and I'm as hungry as a Bermudian shark and as thirsty as the sandy desert. I can't get Marling to give me anything—do hoist your flag and become commanding officer."

"Bring a plate here—take this to Mr. Clincher, with a bottle of champagne, and tell him I will come up in a moment and lend him a hand to finish it."

"Avast there," said the Admiral ; "it's contrary to orders."

"Now, Admiral," said young Mopus, "what is the use of your giving orders here for other people ? The governor says you may order whatever you like for yourself, but we are all independent here, and he shall eat and drink, if he likes, until Scraggings puts him in quarantine ; besides, we must flourish him up before he is anatomized."

"He wants no Dutch courage," said the Admiral, "and I think I am the best judge of what my son ought to eat. I have been

wounded, lost a leg, shot through the side, a sabre cut in the head, and . . . .”

“Pensions for all, of course,” said young Mopus; “a grateful country always amply recompenses its servants. I suppose you got nearly enough to pay for your wooden leg.”

“I wish I had you afloat for one month, my young gentleman, and I would alter your style of conversation and behaviour so much that your father would not know you.”

“I should not like that, Admiral,” said the baronet; “the young fellow has got some off-hand notions, and certainly is not so respectful as a midshipman, but he is a fine-hearted youngster, and I would rather keep him as he is, French and gibberish included, than to hear him so much changed that I should not know him. As long as he does not fall in love, I don’t care what he does.”

The Miss Clinchers looked at each other, and even Alice raised her eyes as she heard the word love; but the meaning conveyed by the one, and the apathy of the other, were striking, and young Mopus was quick enough

to observe both. Strange it was, but the very apathy of Alice determined him to make her the sole object of his attentions. He had regarded her before with almost indifferent eyes, but the expression which conveyed so perfect an unconcern was a spur to his sluggard heart, and occasioned the hasty resolve.

In the mean time, Mr. Scraggings arrived, and was at once shown up to young Clincher, who had very quietly despatched the bottle of champagne, and seemed much more inclined to try the effects of another than make acquaintance with the long, thin, hollow-eyed skeleton before him. The Admiral stumped up stairs quickly, and Moggs and young Mopus attended to cheer the sufferer.

“A fall from his horse, hunting, doctor,” said the Admiral.

“And drinking champagne and eating a hearty dinner! He cannot be much hurt, or you cannot be much used to medical treatment.”

“Look at this wooden pin, doctor; do you think it’s screwed on to a natural, or a made

stump? I gave orders that he should be starved; but this young gentleman thought otherwise."

Scraggings gave Mopus a look of recognition, and added, "that he was very kind, and always willing to do what he could for the medical practitioner near him."

"Come, doctor," said young Clincher, "look at my head; feel my pulse; there's my tongue; saw wood; bear a hand; look sharp; refit us from stem to stern, for I don't like being hauled alongside the wharf, and kept there doing nothing whilst the shipwrights are calking the bends! What does Alice Rivers say to this?"

"Bless you, my poor boy," said the Admiral, "don't think of her now; she never was so quiet before since I knew her."

"She is terribly in love with you," said Moggs.

"Undeniably affectionate," said Mopus, with a smile.

"A deep cut," said Scraggings, "which we must sow up."

“I’ve seen many a man,” said young Mopus, “*cut* after dinner.”

“And *sowed up* also,” said Moggs, whose countenance hardly ever changed.

Young Clincher smiled, but the Admiral bit his lips and murmured something about damned unfeeling fellows—would joke if a man was going to be hung.

“And very friendly, too,” said Moggs, “to enliven a man at the *last pinch*! What a navigator the doctor would make!”

“Why so?” said young Mopus.

“His needle, you see, is true to the pole, and goes right through it without any variation.”

“I wish you would be kind enough to go to sleep,” said the Admiral.

“He can’t shut his eyes, Admiral, to such an exhibition,” remarked young Mopus.

Clincher never said a word, or moaned, or groaned, or gave the smallest sign of suffering, whilst the doctor kept running the needle through the skin and sowing up the wound; but he seemed rather to enjoy the jokes of his friends.

“There’s a fellow!” said the Admiral, with consummate pride. “Look at him, you Frenchified dandy, and whenever you get a fall heavy enough to fracture your thick skull, I hope you will behave as well as he does now. Why he’d hold his arm out to have it cut off, like that gallant fellow Hoste did. I’m proud of him—he’s a regular English sailor—can’t speak one word of that villanous French language—hates them all, and will live to thrash them all. Now, doctor, let me know if his grog is to be stopped, and what provisions he may stow away in his hold. If you put him on your list, I’ll attend to your instructions.”

“Keep him moderately low, sir,” said the doctor; “to-night he will be better without his grog, if I may judge from that empty champagne bottle, and to-morrow I will see him before he is inclined to resume his acquaintance with it.”

“Come, doctor,” said Mopus, “as you have stopped his blood, perhaps you will come down and tap our claret.”

“Much obliged to you, but very sorry I

cannot accept ; I'm obliged to go ten miles on the other road, to see an old man who has believed himself dying for sixteen years, and who, I'll venture to say, will live sixteen more in the same belief. I won a hundred pounds of him the other day. He was, as usual, groaning over his unfortunate state, and actually crying over his own death and burial. For a long time I suffered him to continue, with the hope that if his eyes were not like the prophets of old, 'a fountain of tears,' they would dry of their own exhaustion. At last they subsided, and I said, now that's all over we will have a laugh. 'I shall never laugh again, doctor,' said he, 'never ! To-morrow I shall die, and it would ill become me to be gay on the brink of the grave.'—'You will not die,' I said, 'for six months, and you will laugh six times before that period arrives.'—'I will bet you fifty pounds,' said the *malade imaginaire* . . . "

"There's that cursed language again !" interrupted the Admiral. "Why the devil could he not say it in English?"

“He formerly was a great turf man,” resumed the doctor. “‘I’ll bet you fifty pounds said he, ‘that I do not live three months, and do not laugh three times.’—‘That’s a bet,’ said I.—‘Done,’ said he; and in a business-like manner he marked it in his book, and I took my leave. A month passed, and certainly I could not have sworn to a smile. Whether this arose from his determination to win his bets, which were to be paid to his heir, by agreement, clear of legacy duty, or if it arose from his disease, I could not tell; but certainly he never smiled, and I began to think I should neither win nor lose, for, as for his dying, unless he committed suicide, that was out of the question. Well, I happened to be one day in his house when a parcel of boys and girls were walking about on very high stilts, for the amusement of the village, and I got him to the window to look at the sport; his face was as long as a Methodist parson’s, and not anything like the ghost of a laugh was likely to occur. Opposite to his house was another, from the windows of which peeped two pretty faces, girls of about

fourteen, who amused themselves by offering oranges and cakes to the stilts, and as they approached the window the girls withdrew and laughed at the performers. There was a fine active boy amongst them, who was going from window to window holding a tin pan to receive money. He was some distance from the dancers, but, seeing what was going on, he crept close to the house, and as one of the girls stretched herself out of the window to tantalize the dancer, this youth took her comb out of her hair, gave her a kiss, and snatched the orange—I watched my man's face and I saw a smile—the girls came down resolved to seize the wooden leg and throw the thief down; but no sooner did they appear in the street than the boy walked deliberately into a deep pond and there ate the orange. At this *ruse* . . . .”

“There, you're at your French again,” said the Admiral.

“At this *ruse* my invalid laughed out loud, at which I took no notice whatever. All the village had now assembled, and the loud

laughter at the trick put the girls on their mettle, and they resolved to be somehow revenged. At first they tried the unfeminine amusement of throwing stones at him, but he stood that like a hero; they never went near him, and excited much ridicule from the mob by their gawky way of throwing. They whispered to each other, and one ran home. 'They will manage him yet,' said I.—'I'll bet upon the boy,' said my invalid, now evidently excited. 'Five shillings,' said I, 'the girls get the best of it.'—'Done with you, doctor,' said my patient; and at that moment we saw the girl come back with a four-in-hand whip, leading a Newfoundland dog. The mob made way, and the girls instantly pointed at the boy, and let loose the dog; he made one bound and fixed himself on the wooden leg, whilst the eldest girl with both hands began to teaze the lad with the long whip. The boy now began to feel himself awkwardly situated, and endeavoured to rid himself of the dog; but Cæsar, true to his name, held fast, and although out of his depth never relinquished his hold. The

boy endeavoured to drag the dog further away from the shore, and in this difficult task he succeeded; when, much to the amusement of the crowd, the youngest girl ran round the pond, and a fine large spaniel was set at, and fixed on the other leg. The ridiculous position of the boy, and his evident concern, made the invalid ha, ha! aloud; and then, as he caught my eye fixed upon him and read the meaning, he drew down his face to its usual sombre elongation, and glueing his lips together, resolved not to laugh again. Had he left the window, he might have succeeded in his determination, but he was too much excited for that, and too interested in his bet. Having now firmly fixed the urchin by what the Admiral would call dog-shores, the young girl went for another whip, and between the two the fire was soon found to be too hot for the culprit to stand; in endeavouring to extricate himself, he found his balance more perilous and more difficult; at last he began to flounder about, the mob cheered the girls, and the party of stilts endeavoured to back their

friend ; when, as the hubbub was at its highest, a cow, undismayed, walked into the pond, and getting between the stilts upset the boy. Thus I won my first bet, and my patient got fifty pounds worth of health ; the other bet expired yesterday. And now," said the doctor, "I'm off."

## CHAPTER VII.

“ Well, well, Madame Sandré, be it so. But you know I give no wages, not a sou — your old mother is dead, and your child is dead, so you have no expenses, and a lucky woman you are to be all alone ; children are extravagant things, and old mothers are always burthens upon their industrious daughters ; ’twas a happy release ; she was only tottering upon the brink of the grave, with no money, and no possibility of getting any ; she would have beggared me of the little, very little, I have left ; and then what should I have done ? See what a sum of money it cost to move to this Rue St. Nicholas, and all because you would talk nonsense about seeing the ghost of your

child. Your child's in heaven, woman, where she does not want money, although money is heaven on earth. Don't put any more wood on the fire, but cover it up with the ashes ; there, leave it alone, you only create a draught, and that burns the wood faster. Why as I am alive I have left the economical *buche* in the Cité. There, go to your own apartment ; I must lock up this, and go directly for it. Dear me, dear me !—the expense of moving has quite bewildered my poor brain ; and the thought of coming want, poverty, starvation, and cold, will kill me, or drive me mad."

As he uttered these words, the miser put on his hat ; and, enveloping himself in the only decent garb he possessed, he carefully locked the door of his miserable apartment, and hastened into the streets. The Rue St. Nicholas runs into the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, and may, therefore, be considered as a fashionable quarter in comparison with the former residence of this miserable miser. Nothing would have induced him to leave his old habitation but the declaration of the old woman, that no medical

man who rolled in his carriage would visit such a place; and no one who walked could venture there. The desire of life, although gained by some consumption in the purse, overcame his dread of the latter; and, at an increased rate of rent and greater security, he ventured to take the *troisième* of one of the most miserable houses in this narrow street. Here, indeed, he was in comparative luxury: he had one room, with another small one close to it; the latter was unfurnished; and in the one occupied there was only the old chest of drawers, a small round table with a marble top, two chairs, and his bed. He had endeavoured to sell the extra chair, but no one would purchase such rickety lumber; and he often complained to his faithful attendant of his want of common economy, in having bought that for which he had no absolute necessity; saying, if any one came in, he could sit upon his trunk. He paid the enormous rent of one hundred francs *a year*, having taken a bail for three years, in which he was guaranteed clear of all taxes, and declared to have the benefit of the

only lamp, which lighted as far as the *premier* on the staircase, for nothing.

Fear alone had prompted the miser to change his quarters. The knowledge that he had money, nay, gold, left him no other alternative. The abandoned women who lingered out life in the precarious existence arising from the uncertainty of their nightly traffic; the cool and desperate character of the lower class of that multitudinous order of *chevaliers d'industrie*, whose knives are as ready as their words; and the perfect desperation of starving misery, left his door but a slender barrier to guard either his throat or his money. His liberality had been trumpeted with all the volubility of a Frenchwoman's tongue. Gold had come from the stranger's apartments; and even Madame Sandré for a moment forgot the apparition of her child, to counsel the old man to leave his rooms and seek others, where deeds of such darkness could not be so easily accomplished. Three days after the death, he moved away, leaving the grandmother a corpse, to be buried by the police, and the child to form a part of the same *convoi*.

Leaving his house, the miser turned to the left, and traversed the Boulevards; he crossed the garden of the Tuileries, and, having arrived at the Quai, followed the walk towards Nôtre Dame. No one remarked him; such a pauper might have gone from Dan to Bethsheba without observation: poverty excites but little curiosity; and meagre squalidness occasions but little observation. He was absorbed in his own reflections; and they were principally directed against himself, for having left behind him so valuable a piece of property as the economical *buche*, which originally cost ten sous. He crossed the Pont Neuf, and was accosted by an old woman who sold some wretched apples, a kind of trade which enabled her to carry on one more lucrative, by sending her child to watch people who dared to enter the sinks of iniquity, and who afterwards communicated with men who were in readiness to avail themselves of every opportunity to plunder.

“Ah, monsieur!” said the old hag, “you have been absent some days; and, now you

are become so rich, I suppose you are going to look at your old room. Well, well, it was kind of you to give so much; who would have thought of gold in the Rue St. Eloi?"

"It was the last I had," said the miserable man; "I could not see the child die, and the mother and grandmother starving with cold, and refuse to share my last napoleon with them. But it beggared me, and I was obliged to leave the apartment to seek others less extravagant."

"And now," said the old woman, "you are come to see your old friends again?"

"No, I am going for something I left behind."

"I should hardly have known you in that good coat; but generous men are seldom forgotten."

"Generous to others and starving oneself. This is a hard world we live in; if I had money, how I should like to give it to those who want it!—but no one gives to me, and no one wants it more. Oh! the wind is cold, but charity

is colder, much colder !—Could you spare me an apple ?—you are richer than I am.”

“Take one, good monsieur ; and when you have more gold to give away, remember me.”

He took the apple, thanked the old crone, who watched his greedy eye and active hand ; and, as he devoured it, he said, “Gold ! when shall I see gold again ! I had begged and begged until I had saved it, and it all went at once.”

“They say,” said the old woman, “that strange noises were often heard in your room ; that in the night a sound like money was sometimes distinguished : once they declared it fell on the floor, and they thought you made it ; but then your fire was not hot enough, eh ?”

The woman gave an inquisitive look, as if to convey a stronger meaning, but the miser only answered, in a kind of rapture,—

“Oh ! if I could but make it, I would make enough to save you from selling those apples, and to buy me clothes to cover me more warmly, and meat to stay my hunger. Gold !

gold ! when shall I see you again ! I looked through the windows of a money-changer's, and there was heap upon heap lying useless, to dazzle us poor creatures. How I longed to put my hand through and let it feel the coin ! I have heard of people gratifying their desire to be buried in gold. Ah ! how I wished to dive my hands into the bowl and turn the coins over and over again ; but when I knew how useless was the wish, I wiped my eyes, and turned away, lest I should be prompted to steal it. Good bye, good dame. When I beg enough, I will pay you for the apple — good bye.”

The woman beckoned her child, whispered in her ear, and the little imp of mischief darted unobserved before the miser, turned into the Rue St. Eloi, and entered the house in which he formerly resided.

With the step of one familiar to the place, the miser entered the house, and ascended the staircase. On arrival at his door, he saw written with a piece of chalk, “ *à louer, demandez au troisième.*” The door was locked ; and the

stranger, in compliance with the injunction, retraced his steps, and knocked at the apartment. When the door was opened, a dirty little female child ran hastily out, and a hard-featured woman, a stranger to the former occupant *au cinquième*, asked his pleasure. She was informed of the precious articles which had been left behind, and willingly offered to open the apartment; but she lingered a long time; she could not find the key. She turned over some rags in a drawer, looked in all sorts of holes and corners, and at last, having kept the stranger about five minutes, she found the key, and ascended the staircase. It was the highest room in the house, and the narrow staircase rendered it necessary for one to follow the other; indeed, no step would have borne the weight of both together. The woman now applied the key to the hole, and then declared she had after all brought the wrong one.

“Let me see,” said the miser. — “No, that is not the key, I should know it blindfolded.”

The woman apologised for her neglect, begged monsieur to have the kindness to wait

a few seconds, and, promising to be expeditious, she very slowly descended, abusing herself vehemently for her carelessness, and, keeping up a conversation with herself, wondered where she could have placed it, and if her husband could have sold it;—until, at last, her mutterings died away, and she entered her own room.

Hardly a minute had elapsed before the miser heard some footsteps on the staircase, and then a voice squeaked out, “*Plus haut, plus haut, au cinquième;*” then a door was heard to open and shut; but the heavy tread of a man continued ascending the stairs; and now a more general whisper was audible below, in which the voices of women seemed to predominate. This was nothing unusual in this den of vice. The lower part of the house was occupied entirely by the lowest of the low. The dyer was a receiver of stolen goods; and every stage had its bevy of thieves, rogues, and vagabonds. But the miser felt a certain misgiving, when he saw the wild, uncombed locks of a brawny man, whose face was covered with hair, so as almost to conceal the features,

arrive at his door, and who in silence opened the apartment.

“Enter, sir,” he said; “a gentleman of monsieur’s respectability might be trusted alone in the mint.”

The miser did as he was desired, when this questionable character followed, and closing the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Of all the most desperate men who flocked in the French metropolis, no one had a less prepossessing countenance than this apparent guardian of the untenanted apartment. He was dressed in a dark blouse, which was a substitute for coat, waistcoat, and shirt; his keen eyes, deeply sunk in his head, were almost concealed by the shaggy eyebrows which met each other; the hair of his head, his whiskers, and his beard, seemed never to have been handled by the barber; whilst his hand and foot betrayed the robust form which his slender covering concealed.

The miser walked to the fireplace, and grasped his lost treasure. It was so insignificant in value, that it had escaped the notice

of the landlord and the still sharper eyes of the woman in whose care the room had been left. So eager was the miser to possess himself of his property, that he was not aware of his imprisonment.

“I came for this,” said he. “When I left this apartment I forgot it; but, living amongst honest people, I knew it would remain untouched; I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. *Bon jour, monsieur, bon jour.*” And he hastened to depart.

The strange ruffian appeared not to listen to this civil speech; he was looking out of the window and whistling the Marseillaise.

The miser tried the door and found it locked. He doubted this at first, and shook it; and, had he shaken it much harder, he might have escaped from his prison in spite of the lock. Turning to the man, he said:—

“Monsieur has inadvertently locked the door; perhaps he will have the kindness to open it.”

The ruffian looked at him, and continued whistling; then, suddenly stopping, he said—

“What would you give me to open it?”

“*Give!*” ejaculated the miser. “What could I give but my thanks?”

“Never mind your thanks, old gentleman,” said the vagabond, “keep them to repay women who attend upon you; but I must have money — *gold!* And if you give me that, I will let you out, before some less scrupulous than myself take your coat, and leave you to walk home with as few clothes as negroes wear in Africa.”

The miser attempted a laugh; it was but an attempt, for at that moment the truth flashed upon him. It was evident the only good action he had ever done had brought him into a scrape; and, had he allowed the child and the grandmother to die without his assistance to keep in lingering life a moment longer he might have lived unnoticed, and remained unsuspected. Inwardly he made a pious resolution never to listen to a tale of woe, or ever to be guilty of charity again, however destitute might be the object.

“We have two ways,” said the ruffian,

“ of asking ; one is by words, the other by this.”

And he produced one of those long knives, the blades of which are kept open by means of a spring. It was a formidable-looking weapon, the point of which was slightly rusted ; and along the blade were ominous marks, which indicated that it had been used before, and had been hastily closed before it had been dried. The brawny arm shewed the muscular strength of the ruffian, for he tucked up his sleeve in the cool, dogged manner of a butcher before he commences his slaughter.

“ Take your choice ; either give it, or I will take it ; and if, in taking it, I deem it prudent to hinder your voice from being heard beyond the precincts of the Rue St. Eloi, it is your own fault. I *ask* for it as a gentleman ; I shall *take* it as the right of the strongest. Come, I cannot waste time ; *the others* will be here in a moment, and then I shall only get my share.”

The miser having frequently imposed on people by his ragged clothes, his emaciated countenance, his haggard eye, and his earnest

solicitation, thought he might as well try the forbidding-looking creature before him, and forthwith began, by a solemn declaration of poverty, his utter inability to command a five-franc piece, his reliance on the goodness of his opposer (who was busily employed scratching out a guillotine, as the object most frequently before his eyes), and, vehemently asserting he had not a sou, declared the impossibility of his giving what he never possessed.

“Good,” said the ruffian : “ then we understand each other. If you have no money, I cannot rob you ; if I find any, it cannot belong to you. So begin, good monsieur—begin, *mon brave*—and turn your pockets inside out.”

“ You are too brave, too generous, to rob me,” said the trembling miser ; “ your nation is renowned for its honour and its honesty ; and to plunder a poor and almost naked Englishman never entered the head of a people so generous.”

“ Fool !” said the ruffian, seizing him by the throat, “ do you think I am a child, an idiot, that an Englishman can impose upon me — a

nation we live upon, as the most readily deceived, and a people we hate and detest! Give me your gold, or I will plunge this knife into your miserable heart, and leave your carcase to-night to be swept away by the river. Quick, for others are coming."

It was in vain the miser lifted his emaciated arm to ward off the blow which threatened to descend, or free him from the rude grasp of the powerful man; but he struggled to save that which was dearer to him than his blood. "*Au secours — à la garde!*" he once vociferated; but the tightened clutch of the powerful man reduced the voice of one screaming for his life to the inarticulate gurgle of approaching strangulation; the economical *buche* fell from his hand, as the ruffian threw him on the floor, and placed his foot upon the prostrate body.

"Mutter but one word loud enough only for me to hear, and this knife is in your heart before the second can follow it. Ah! is it here you keep your treasure," said the man, as he tore the neckcloth from his powerless

prey, “and yet lie, and cringe, and fawn, and beg!”

A loud rapping at the door saved the next operation; voices were clamorous, craving admission, and threatening to break in if refused.

“Coming,” said the ruffian. Then, turning to the miser, he said, “If you say one word of this” — and he placed his hand on the pocket which contained the neckerchief — “*this!*” and he held out the knife. He then coolly opened the door, and two women came in.

Eagerly did the miser turn his eyes to seek assistance or compassion from that sex which his own had denied him: his miserable aspect might have softened the heart of any who had one grain of pity left. Alas! he saw no feeling eye to commiserate his misfortune; he rather read in their anxious looks a greater certainty of further plunder.

“He has got nothing,” said the man.

“*Nothing!*” said a woman; “then his clothes are worth a trifle. But he has money; and we were fools to believe him a beggar. Does a beggar get gold? or does he save his

sous until he can convert them into gold, and starve in the mean time? He is a foreigner; no one will miss him; the Seine flows rapidly; pass the arches, and the Morgue is not far off. He will be carried beyond the bridge of Austerlitz before he is picked up, and no one will suspect he comes from here."

"Madame Sandré," said the other, "lives with him; she would recognise the body; and perhaps she knows he is here; she talked to me about gratitude and affection; but she is not such a fool as to live with a beggar, and attend upon him from gratitude. There is no harm in taking his clothes off and shaking them; if he dies of the cold, we don't kill him."

"Some of you women," said the ruffian, "have got so soft-hearted now, that you would let him have a chance to send us all to the galleys. I am for quick work, and ensuring the secret."

"And so am I," replied the first woman.

"Here's a knife that's used to it," said the man; "it never failed yet. Take it, Annette; he won't bleed much."

When a woman once stoops to crime, and hardens the heart which Nature formed for softness and for love, she becomes an infuriated demon, and in her extravagance of cruelty far surpasses the man who first taught her to sin. The fine feelings she once possessed curdle into cruelty, and the wail of woe falls upon her ear unheeded, unnoticed. Annette took the knife, and advanced towards the miser, who until now had remained silent, with his hands closed together, and with his eyes riveted on the devils who had counselled and consented to his murder. There was but one chance—resistance was futile — either of the party would have overcome him. He had not lost entirely his presence of mind ; and, as the woman came resolutely towards him, he held out his hand and said, “ Stop ! — why do you seek to murder me ? ”

“ For your money,” said Annette.

“ I have none,” said he : “ your friend has stolen it, and it is now in his pocket, where you will find my cravat, and in it you will find my money. See how your own friend would

ruin you. He would not commit the murder because he had the money ; but he would have involved you in the greater crime, and left you without one farthing, having burthened your soul with the blackest deed a woman can commit."

Whilst the miser was giving this information, the ruffian would have sprung upon him and killed him, but the women kept him back, and ultimately turned upon him.

"Fie, then, Jean," said Annette, "thus to cheat us ! You know how often we have shared our spoil with you. Give it up directly, or I will try the knife upon its owner. Julie, assistance."

Julie immediately wound her arms round the neck of the ruffian, who struggled hard to release himself ; but Annette was quick, young, and vigorous ; she threw the knife down, and grappled her villanous associate, whilst the miser, availing himself of the chance now offered, picked up the weapon and ran to the door. It was locked, and his eager endeavours to break it open again turned their atten-

tion to the first object of their plunder. The miserable man now stood upon his defence, and with the courage of despair faced his opponents.

“ Perhaps,” he said, “ I cannot succeed in freeing myself from all of you, but I will carry a companion of one sex or the other into the next world with me. My money you have got — that is gone — but my life I will defend to the utmost.”

“ *Sacre bleu !*” said the man, laughing.— “ We are going to have a skeleton turn warrior !—did one ever see such a scarecrow ? Give me the knife, or I’ll break your skull with the key !”

“ Never !” said the miser. “ You have got all you wanted — my life cannot enrich yours — and I will not put myself into your power whilst I have strength left to wield this weapon, which is used to its work !”

“ Hah, hah !” laughed the ruffian — “ *regardez mon brave* —” and he took up the economical *buche*. “ Do you think you can escape now ? I give you one minute to give

up the knife — one to say your prayers — and one to die in.”

He then lifted the formidable weapon, and with both hands was preparing to dash it against his skull.

“ Stop ! ” said Annette, “ and let’s make terms with the old fool. He’s not worth killing, unless he has more about him, which he will not give up. So let us enter into an agreement, upon the honour of both parties, that, if he gives up his clothes, we will leave him unmolested here, to get out and home at his own convenience.”

“ Honour ! ” said the miser, in astonishment. “ The honour of three thieves and two murderers ! I have seen quite enough of your determination. Here I may die, but not without a struggle ; and I warn you that Madame Sandré knows I am here — knows of your intentions — for she warned me to quit these apartments ; and, I dare say, knowing your characters well, is not far off with some police at her heels.”

This speech had a wonderful effect, and the

three wretches retired a little to consult. It was evident the gauntlet was fairly thrown down, and that either murder would be committed or the miser would save his clothes. Many were the words expended on the subject. Discovery — police — *procureur du roi* — galleys — guillotine — all were mentioned. These were hurriedly expressed. Each gave a hasty opinion; the eyes were as animated as the gestures; until, at last, it was put to the silent vote, which was done by holding up the hand as a signal. Annette and the ruffian held up the forefinger of the right hand, and Julie the two forefingers of the left hand. In an instant the man returned, and, with all his force, dashed the *buche* at the head of the miser. By a providential movement, the stone only grazed his head and broke through the panel of the door, falling outside. The courage of his country never forsook the miser. Rendered desperate from his situation, and seeing no hope of escape but by energy, he seized Annette by the hair of the head, and held the knife within a foot of her neck.

“ Now the chance is mine !” he said, as he moved her away from the door. “ Lift but a hand against me, and she dies. Now open that door, or here is the first corpse.”

The excitement had wound up the old man’s strength and courage, and in his eye was that fixed resolution which denoted his determination to act. Still, as the panel of the door was broken, he resolved to try every chance, and again he called “ *Au secours !*” Hurried footsteps were heard upon the staircase. — Hope now animated him. Whilst the others shrunk back, he tightened his grasp, and was resolved, if the comer was a friend of his foes, he would strike the blow, and endeavour to establish by resolution what he had formerly lost by supplication. “ *Au secours !*” again he shouted, and a well-known voice answered —

“ *C’est moi, monsieur.*”

“ The police ! Madame Sandré. Quick — the police !”

“ *Ils sont sur l’escalier.*”

“ Then there is but this left,” said the ruf-

fian ; and, unlocking the door, he rushed down stairs, leaving Annette in the miser's grasp.

“ *Lache !*” said the woman, as he passed ;  
“ but I will be revenged upon you.”

“ My money !” said the miser. “ You have a share of my money ! Give it me, or *this !* — And you other woman, see the end of your companion in crime — or save her by giving up what you have obtained ! Quick — or —”

He had no need for the action. The police had seized the ruffian below ; and Madame Sandré stood upon the head of the staircase, occupying the whole space, and preventing the possibility of escape. The miser released Annette, who instantly gave back what she had received. Julie was not backward in this ; and both, on their knees, supplicated the miser to forgive them.

They knew very little of their own laws. When once a *sergent de ville* is called in, he takes the management of the concern, and there is no withdrawal from his grasp. In this case, he handed over the two women to

the care of one or two of his men, and, taking the miser by the arm, desired him to walk down.

“Stay,” said the miser, as he got outside his door; “this *buche* is mine. I cannot leave that behind. Carry it, Madame Sandré. No, no—you might sell it. Give it to me, and I will take it myself.”

“This knife!” said the sergeant....

“Belongs to the ruffian,” said the miser, “who took my money, and would have given me this in exchange!”

The fresh air in the street, and the liberation from his late desperate situation by the woman he had assisted, bore him up until he arrived at the *Palais de Justice*; and he was handed into the small court of the Correctional Police, which was, as usual, crowded with vagabonds of all sorts. In this miserable hole, dignified by the appellation of a court of justice, nature assumed her dominion. The miser, wound up beyond his usual energy, relaxed in proportionate degrees, and, overcome by the closeness of the place, he

sunk down on the floor, still grasping the economical *buche* which had got him into this dilemma.

Case after case was disposed of at railroad speed; and two Englishmen, who attended to gratify curiosity more than benefit by the mode of giving justice, remained wondering how quickly the judge made up his mind, and how accurately he formed his opinion. The *sergent de ville*, at length, brought forward his capture, and mentioned the case as one of robbery alone; the murder part, as it did not take place, was not referred to. The miser described the scene in French, the pronunciation of which was perfect, and produced the *buche*. There was a slight titter throughout the court, and one of the English said aloud—"What a fool that man must have been to have hazarded his life for ten sous!" The case was soon disposed of—the prisoners were handed over to the protection of a goaler—and the miser, grasping the *buche*, came out into the large *Salle*, on each side of which are the various courts.

“Why, old gentleman,” said one of the strangers, “you have had a near escape to-day! Do you think the gain was worth the risk?”

“My money — my money’s safe, thank God!” said the miser, “or I must have starved.”

“Poor old fellow!” said the other stranger, whose sleepy manner of expression confirmed him as Trophonius Moggs. “I’m a poor man, but you are not only a poorer, but a much older one; take this five-franc piece—it will give you and the woman who saved you a dinner—and, if I was richer, I would assist you more.”

“Bless you!” said the old man. “Silver! What a dissipation of wealth! If I had a son who gave silver away, it would kill me. Silver!! He must be as rich as Crœsus. Silver! Madame Sandré, he did not say you were to have half; he only said it would pay for our dinners. It’s a good day’s work, after all; and I’ll get you a dinner.—Silver!!”

“Why you gave gold!” said Madame Sandré.

“ Yes, yes, once ; but I’ve never slept since without seeing it and trying to clutch it—it’s as bad as the nightmare to me. I wonder if ever you will pay me again. Come along—that Englishman may ask for some change. Come along, I say.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

“What, never to your time, Alice! It is now ten minutes past nine, and I have waited like your slave for your arrival. It is strange daughters cannot give up a moment’s slumber to court the wishes of their parents. But you were ever a slow, selfish sluggard—more willing to gratify a momentary pleasure than to yield to the request of your mother.”

“Forgive me, my dear mother, for this inadvertence,” said Alice; “I overslept myself. I own I am to blame, and, in acknowledging my fault, I prove my repentance.”

“Nonsense, Alice — you are a walking recollection of twopenny novels; out of which, I suppose, you got that sentence. What!

making your tea before you have said your grace ! Oh ! shame — shame — shame ! Do you think it is only for your dinner you are to be thankful ? and at other times be like the glutton in ‘ Blair’s Grave.’ Read that poem attentively, and leave your frivolous nonsense to girls as irreligious as you are now.”

“ I try, my dear mother, by every means in my power to comply with your wishes,” said poor Alice ; and, overcome by her feelings at her mother’s harshness, she could not refrain from a few tears, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

Of all women alive, Mrs. Rivers had the most forbidding countenance : there was a cold indifference on every feature, and she had a surgeon’s eye—one that would see the patient writhing in agony, and retain still the same unchanging, cold, glassy, penetrating look. She was now in the decline of life ; and, having lost her husband, whom she had most religiously lectured until he had a “ happy release,” she fell into the extreme of

fanaticism, and, as that churlish monster cherishes rather than controls the passions of the mind, she became sullen, morose, and tyrannical. Yet had she prayers three times a day — went to church whenever the doors were open — was a district-lady, visiting, in the pomp of luxury, the lonely cottages of the poor — creating an envy in those she went to relieve, and glorying in her own superiority, as she lectured on lowliness, humiliation, and contentment.

It is very easy to *tell* the poor man that every one is born to fulfil a certain station in life; that his heritage is bondage; that, if the world were remodelled at dawn, by noon one half and more than one half would toil for the rest; that it is a Christian's pride to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him; and then to apply a curiously devised smelling-bottle to relieve the pious lady from the heated miasmata of a cottage-room; *leave no money*, but a pious benediction; and recommend the constant study of the Holy Bible! Nothing so

easy as all this : and yet, when the good labourer in this vineyard of discontent has taken her shadow from the doorway, what are the thoughts which rise like demons to lacerate the heart of the poor man? Envy—murmuring discontent—the knowledge that his old days must be spent in the Union.

In the avocation Mrs. Rivers had chosen, no woman could labour more assiduously. No sooner were thanks gratefully returned for the first meal, than the shawl and the *bonne* were brought, the smelling-bottle carefully filled, one or two coppers enfolded in brown paper lest they should soil the white hand which would give them, the parasol, the gloves, and all the paraphernalia of woman's toilet, when she “dares the day,” were completed, and out she went to visit her district. Once or twice she had endeavoured to entice her daughter into this road of duty ; but Alice, finding that dark, narrow streets, inhabited by the lowest of the low, were not safe walking for one who went in beauty's pride, resolutely refused to accompany her mother to

places where age might prove a protection, but where the young and the handsome could hardly escape without insult. Alice was therefore left alone nearly the whole day to her own avocations; and dangerous indeed was such abandonment of the parental care, when happiness was not to be found in the abode. When a young lady has no occupation, she occupies herself with Love; and Love is quick enough to discover opportunities, when the eye of the parent is withdrawn.

Mrs. Rivers had nourished an extraordinary hatred for all the male sex, not one of which ever gained admittance within her doors, unless the protection of marriage rendered him an innocent intruder. Many had seen, many had admired Alice; for once or twice she had obtained permission to attend a ball — previously warned by her mother that these assemblies were the resort of the wicked and the profligate, where they jumped about to the scraping of some wretched fiddler.

“Go,” she said once, as she gave her re-

luctant consent — “ go, and satisfy yourself that women expose their persons to the gaze of the idle and the dissolute ; that they suffer themselves to swing round and round, supported by the arm of a man, which encircles their waist. Think of this, Alice !—encircles their waist ! And then, as if in imitation of the extravagances of barbarous nations, they twist round and round, like teetotums !—Spartans exhibited their slaves drunk, to shock the minds of their own sons. Go, be a witness to this, and learn to shun an excitement as disreputable as it is indecent.”

Alice did go. She danced a quadrille with a butterfly man, who went from beauty to beauty. It was her first partner. The conversation, a thousand times repeated during the season, was new to her. But she steadfastly refused a waltz, until a young soldier, dressed out with as much gold lace as would adorn a beefeater, overcame her scruples ; and her fairy form, for the first time, was supported by a man. She did not find it so very

disagreeable, neither was the dance so very absurd; the music, too, was so exhilarating, and her partner was young, handsome, talkative, with a fine uniform, and the name of a soldier. He was succeeded by a man of the age of thirty; whose dark, penetrating eye seemed to command respect. His conversation was of other countries—to him the whole world was familiar—he had traversed stormy oceans—braved the dangers of war—and, from Mexico to Constantinople, from Russia to Canton, all was familiar to him. He saw Alice's eyes sparkle as he unfolded his knowledge of distant countries; and, when the quadrille ceased, cautiously avoiding the dragon who was entrusted with this beautiful charge, he led her to the refreshment-room, and, seating her at some distance from the company, again occupied her attention.

There was a strange fascination in this traveller's eyes; he was earnest in his manner, and complimentary only by implication; and never had Alice listened to man as she listened to him.

In a word, it was first love, claiming its right to her heart. They say a first love is never forgotten; that in after-years the tongue may lisp an assent, the hand may be held out at the altar, the lips may murmur affection, but that the heart beats for the one, the first one, who taught it the first delicious throb. Whenever Alice stood up to dance, she found the black sparkling eyes of the stranger fixed upon her, and as hers met his, both seemed conscious of an impropriety, or both seemed ashamed of detection, and for a moment the eyes were withdrawn. "Love is so very timid when it's new." Then, again, each cautiously stole a look; and then again their eyes met, and their cheeks tingled.

No doubt it is very foolish not to withdraw from temptation; but then that is owning oneself without courage, and likely to be overcome. To face danger is noble: so thought Alice Rivers; and when again the dark man asked her to dance, she rose and accepted his arm. This time the voice faltered more as he

spoke ; his sentences were more unconnected ; and Alice, although an admirable listener, for she seemed listening with every organ, was obliged occasionally to answer by words, when formerly her eyes had spoken her applause, her flushed cheek had given her approval. There was now an evident timidity, and love made greater progress in the silent admiration, than even in the brilliant display of eloquence which had opened her heart to its power.

“May I hope,” said the dark man, “that Miss Rivers will allow me to call and inquire how she has borne this night’s fatigue?”

“I fear I shall be deprived of that pleasure,” said the artless girl ; “my mother lives very retired, and has a great aversion to new acquaintances. We never mix in the world ; we live as retired as if in a desert, and, surrounded by the multitude, we are unknown to them.”

“If I ever paid a woman’s intelligence so bad a compliment,” said the dark man, “as to fall into the common-place diction of ad-

mirers, I should speak of the flower which was born to blush unseen; but I cannot comprehend, unless you are a ward in chancery, why you should be thus secluded from the society which enlivens without depraving the mind."

Alice smiled at the allusion to the ward in chancery, as she answered that her coffers were not so full as to require guardianship.

"When your father dies...." continued the stranger.

"My poor father has been dead these two years," interrupted Alice.

The strange gentleman began the usual mode of expressing his sorrow for having allowed his impertinent remark to cause the slightest pain to one he would gladly only approach with words of joy.

"As a stranger, you could not know the loss I have sustained, and, therefore, I beg you to spare yourself the expression of your grief: what is unintentional can never require an apology. I fear I must request you to

return me to my guardian. I see she is anxious to leave this scene before daylight breaks in upon us."

"You will at least allow me to see you to your carriage, and to express my warmest hope that I may be fortunate enough to resume my acquaintance with Miss Rivers. It is a request that I have never made before in my life to any living creature, and I hope my first desire may not be disappointed."

"Whenever I have the pleasure to meet you, sir," replied Alice, "I shall be most happy to acknowledge my partner at my first ball."

The stranger evidently looked astonished at this declaration; but before he could inquire more of the fascinating bud of promise, the dragon began in a hoarse voice to chide her long delay.

"Really, child, this is too bad; it is now nearly four o'clock, and your mother expressly desired you were to return at twelve. I have not had one rubber to-night, for that party seemed glued to their chairs; and

I wonder how I could have remained so long."

"Allow me," said the handsome man, "to place your shawl and call your carriage. Good night, Miss Rivers."

## CHAPTER IX.

Such was the commencement of Alice Rivers's love—love at first sight—which was as palpable as a flaming house in a dark night—or the Eddystone Light during the clear darkness of the summer. Some people show their love at once; they seem magnetized, and are drawn insensibly to the object, and are not aware that all the lookers-on perceive the attraction. Others become moping and melancholy, hanging their heads down like peonies in blossom; whilst others, proud of the circumstance, hold up their bright beautiful faces for admiration, like a pencilled geranium. We all vary, more or less, according to the hue and sunshine of our happiness.

Lovers always contrive to meet accidentally. The dark stranger, enamoured of his fair partner, had the laudable curiosity to ascertain if Miss Rivers was as bright and lovely by day as when decorated for a ball. He found her more so—she was neither puffed nor padded—her exquisite figure was her own, and not a particle of it could be either improved or deteriorated by her maid. They met: the dark man grew more entertaining as he advanced in familiarity, and Miss Rivers became more enchanting as she felt herself relieved from the shackle of reserve.

One morning, directly after breakfast, Miss Rivers, finding her mother with the ghost of a smile upon her face, availed herself of the propitious moment, and announced that Captain Macintosh had the previous evening made her an offer, and that she had accepted him.

“A what?” said Mrs. Rivers, as her surgeons’ eyes became somewhat inflamed by sudden passion—“an offer from a Captain Macintosh—a man!—how came you to know any

man? I do not know him—I have never seen him—never heard of him—and as certain as that I am alive, he never shall marry you. Go to your prayers, misguided girl; your conduct is highly reprehensible. Girls should never fall in love but by permission. But, with all your faults, which are as numerous as the stars in the heavens, you still retain some filial duty, and now you will have an opportunity of showing it.”

To every entreaty of Miss Rivers for her mother to see Captain Macintosh, a deaf ear was turned; she hated any thing in the garb of a man; she had given her answer, and if the gallant captain was swallowed up in a wave, cut to pieces in a boarding-match, or stewed to death in the West Indies, were all questions upon which Mrs. Rivers did not care to enter. Her daughter’s tears and entreaties might as well have been wasted on a sandy desert. Mrs. Rivers desired her daughter never to walk out without her, dismissed the maid who had forgotten to mention the circumstance, and the lovely bird, having its

wings clipped too close to fly, was obliged to peck and perch in the large cage in which she was confined.

Sad and melancholy was the poor girl, and more so when she heard the impassioned vows of her lover, and knew how cold and relentless was her mother. For some time he lingered near the house, and occasionally stole a glance at the object of his affections ; and she thought there was no harm in waving a handkerchief, a signal of regret and of acknowledgment.

But, although Mrs. Rivers had given such a decided refusal, her curiosity led her to make some inquiries quite unknown to her daughter : she found the gallant captain had been a hired-out murderer in the Mexican service, at a certain nominal price ; and that, after having contributed with others to call new worlds into existence, he was turned out a beggar in the old ; that dark stories were afloat as to various crimes committed by these sea attorneys, and that the said Captain Macintosh was a deep and dangerous gambler. Armed

with these special recommendations of character, Mrs. Rivers prudently admonished her daughter to be more careful in future, and gave her the full and perhaps accurate description of her lover, in order to quiet the little god who had rendered her face pale, her figure thin, and who was for ever being inhaled with her breath, and wafted in her constant sighs.

So far from this mode of treatment stilling the feeling, it only excited it the more. It is said that by pulling certain unclean quadrupeds backwards you insure their going forwards. Miss Rivers thought it was the method resorted to by her mother in the present instance ; and that the report adverse to her lover had no foundation in truth whatever ; and that two hearts so admirably formed for each other should be thus sundered was to her a piece of cruelty which no other mortal, she was sure, ever experienced, and which she certainly did not deserve. All young ladies thwarted in their love are invariably the most cruelly used victims in life !

Captain Mackintosh knew that Miss Rivers had some money—not that any one would dare hint that money was his object, although he did blockade the port as if a galleon was ready for sea therein. He remained most marvellously constant, became less of a dandy, always wore an appearance of “green and yellow melancholy,” and was to be seen sauntering about from place to place, apparently “changed by a sigh, and altered by a tear.”

It chanced that one evening a few select friends, in which there happened to be two of the male sex, assembled at Mrs. Rivers’s, for the innocent purpose of drinking more innocent tea; amongst them was a sailor, turned clergyman, who had visited many shores, and amongst them he had visited Vera Cruz; some reference to Catholic customs brought on the subject; and the young officer, after drawling out his horror upon the cruel custom of the women, who wear wreaths of fireflies in their hair, transfixed by pins, or strung together with a needle and thread, gave an animated description of the following scene.

“It was a fine night,” he began, “and I was in the great square in which stands the cathedral of Vera Cruz. I had been for some time avoiding a procession which sorely grieved my heart, and which I was solicitous not to see; I mean that of the Holy Ghost. It may be summed up in a few words; it generally is to be seen towards evening, when the priest goes to offer extreme unction to the dying sinner. A boy, dressed in white, walks before a priest who bears a crucifix; five or six attendants, carrying large wax tapers, walk behind, singing; whilst the leading boy continually rings a bell, as an intimation that the sacred procession is in motion. At the sound of the bell, all, of every creed, of every nation in the vicinity, fall down upon their knees, and there remain until it is passed and out of sight. It happened, at the very time the square was most crowded, for the band had been beating the *ritrato*, that the procession, which had gone to a sick man’s house, was returning to the church, in order there to deposit the cross which be-

longed to it. In an instant the gay laugh was hushed, the heads of the women, profusely decorated by fireflies, sank down, and the area appeared like looking into the blue ocean of a clear night and seeing all the brilliancy of heaven reflected therein. Not a sound was heard but the tinkling of the bell ; the band relinquished its music, the babbler his tale, the woman the shrill tone of her grievance, the moustached ruffian the deep murmur of his revenge ; it seemed as if a voice from above had stilled the agitation below, and all was calm, awful, religious. It is a crime of the deepest dye to interrupt this ceremony : it moved slowly along, not one of the crowd daring to uplift an eye to dive into the mysteries of this procession—death has followed so great a profanation—all kept their looks upon the ground, and murmured to themselves an ‘Ave Maria.’

“Now the chant of the boys who bore the tapers began ; and, as the priest passed those the nearest to him, some fell to absolute prostration, extending their arms before them ;

others crouched lower than a kneeling position, and each held his breath in awful silence, as the procession continued its course. Just as it was about to enter the church, a loud voice, calling upon all for aid, broke the universal silence, but none dared move. Still the voice increased, and a man, with a dagger in his hand reeking with blood, was closely pursued by an officer in the Mexican uniform, who in our language vociferated curses, not to be repeated, on the idiots who knelt to a wooden cross, and allowed a murderer to escape.

“He who flies for his life disregards obstacles; and through the very company which carried the wax lights the frantic man leapt like a frightened hart. His course was to the pier, and he had some distance to gain it. His pursuer was close at his heels, and both disregarded the priest, who, finding his holy presence insulted, turned round, and, in a loud and sonorous voice, uttered the fearful words of the excommunication. In making one desperate leap to clear the kneeling people,

either purposely or unintentionally, a woman raised her arms; they touched the feet of the assassin, and, as he fell forward, the dagger still retained in his grasp struck deep into the back of a kneeling girl. The scream awakened assistance, which not even the feelings of religion could calm. A general motion took place; the priest entered into the cathedral, and the murderer was secured, held fast in the clutch of an English officer, who had entered the Mexican service."

As the young man arrived at this point of his story, Mrs. Rivers rose and placed a bottle of salts to her daughter's nose; that fair flower had drooped in the excitement, fearing the name of her lover might be the one which belonged to this murderous tale. She recovered, elegantly apologised for the interruption she had given to the anecdote, and, with that wavering eye and faltering voice which ever designates fear, she bade the young sailor continue his interesting account; and he did so as follows:—

"As well might the struggling bird attempt

to escape the fowler's snare, the captured fish to break the stronger net, the traveller to burst from the tiger's claws, as this wretch to have eluded the grasp of Macintosh."

An involuntary "Ah!" burst from the uncontrolled lips of Miss Rivers; but she instantly mastered her feelings; although wound up to a pitch of excitement almost beyond endurance, she still managed to command herself, and let the anecdote proceed. The reciter of the tale, believing the exclamation to have arisen from his description of the strong clutch of the captain, proceeded slightly to digress.

"This Macintosh was a man of no character; he was well known to have committed acts of piracy, which in this country would have condemned him to the finisher of the law. He was a gambler openly avowed, a detected swindler, and, although young, stout, handsome, and accomplished, possessed not one redeeming quality. The cause of the murder originated in a gambling quarrel, in a house selected for this kind of plunder. Several young merchants had been enticed. Spaniards

are all gamblers; and the place selected was over the famed Ice Punch House, in which the young and the old, the laborious and the idle, all assemble in the cool of the evening, to taste that poison, which is the more subtle because it is more greedily courted; it is a device of the devil to heat the blood to deeds of darkness, making the deleterious liquor grateful to the palate from the ice, which cools the parched lips of its votary.

“The game these wretched sinners indulged in was *monté*, a game at which the very adroit can deceive, but one which requires more address to cheat at than any other. They mark certain cards with horse-hair, and they are enabled to see that card coming, and to avoid it if it would be against him, or bring it forward, according to circumstances.

“At the tables in this earthly abode of Satan himself, money is piled upon money; that beautiful coin, the doubloon, is in profusion; every means is resorted to as a lure to the avaricious; the poor man sees before him all he labours for on this earth; the rich that

which gives power; and he who has neither the one nor the other sees the prospect of greater wealth almost within his grasp.

“Macintosh, from his rank and situation, could not openly avow himself a partner in this infamous transaction; but he was there, a witness to the plunder, and a sharer in the gain. One of the arrieros (a mule-driver) had staked largely, and had witnessed sometimes the smile, sometimes the caprice, of fortune, with the indifference so remarkable to Spanish gamblers. He was neither excited by gain nor depressed by loss; he sipped his thick chocolate, occasionally relieving his palate with iced water, and almost mechanically placed his pile of dollars on the card which came nearest to him; but his eye was constantly on the dealer. At last he began to lose rapidly; his piles of silver, the whole of his earthly treasure, gradually grew less and less, until his last farthing was staked. The cards were given out, his chocolate was drained, and, with an excitement rather unusual in a Spaniard, he pushed the cup from him, and thrust his right hand into

his bosom. It was a heavy stake as to amount, and a heavier as to its consequences; and his lip was observed to curl, and his whole countenance to betray great excitement. At last the card was drawn, which disclosed the winning card; and, as the dealer dropped it on the table, it was evident he had drawn off two cards instead of one. The arriero saw it, and saw that, had he not been cheated, he must have won. In an instant he struck the dealer the deadly blow with his dagger, seized as much gold as he could grasp, and fled from the room.

“Macintosh, who had always been suspected of sharing these ill-gained profits, instantly endeavoured to seize him; but he escaped from his hold, to be captured in the Place. The girl on whom he fell died; and, there being no witness directly to swear that the cheating was a premeditated act, or that the two cards might not have been drawn off by accident, the plundered arriero, the wilful murderer in one case, and the accidental one in the other, was carried off and imprisoned.

“The blackest part of the story is yet to follow. The arriero had one beautiful daughter ; she was about seventeen. This girl had long attracted the notice of Macintosh, whose general estimate of virtue in the lowest classes was not sufficiently high to convince him that money and dress might not overcome any scruples of conscience, or any warnings of the internal monitor. No sooner had he conveyed the father to the guard-house, or rather been one of the many who escorted him there, than he repaired to the small house in which resided the lovely young Felipa Gomez. With the air of one in authority, or one who knows he can demand attention, he desired admittance ; the prudence of Felipa denied it ; it was dark, and the senor must know she would encounter the severe rebuke of her parent by any act of such indiscretion. Macintosh spoke Spanish fluently, and knew how fatal it ever is for a woman to listen—that the best guardian of her virtue is silence and flight ; too weak to bear up against the assaulter, she has only to cover herself with the mantle of prudence, and

escape the chance of defeat by refusing to dare the combat.

“ ‘ *Ponerse en brazos de otro,*’<sup>1</sup> began Macintosh, ‘is a wise proverb of your language, fair Felipa; and now your youth and beauty will require a protector—a father!’

“ Struck by the manner in which this artful fellow addressed his intended victim, Felipa no longer hesitated, but, opening the door, bade the captain be seated.

“ ‘ You have done wisely, lovely girl,’ he began; ‘ I know your father too well, and the use he can make of a stiletto, to trust myself in his power, if I came for an unlawful or an unworthy end. You are a clever girl, Felipa, and you must now shew your shrewdness — your father is in prison for a murder!’

“ ‘ *Santa Maria de compostello!*’ ejaculated the girl.

“ ‘ Never mind the Santa Maria now,’ con-

<sup>1</sup> “ To put oneself in the arms of another.” A metaphorical expression, to confide implicitly in the honour and good faith of another person into whose hands one has placed some affair of importance.

tinued the captain, ‘we will implore her aid after we have tried our own exertions ; it’s a bad plan to call in assistance before we are certain we want it. *Poco à poco hila la vieja el copo*<sup>1</sup>—we must try what we can effect first. Now listen to me, and be guided by me. I have long loved you — yes, Felipa, I have watched you as you danced at the last Fiesta de Medellin ; every evening I have followed you to Los Cocos, and, as you moved along in the waltz, I have admired that beautiful figure : yes, Felipa, it is my love for you which now brings me near you in the dark and cloudy hour of distress. Your father’s life is gone ; he has killed a man at the gaming-table, and a woman in the Plaza ; public indignation cries with her hundred tongues, and at this moment thousands are near his prison, shouting out for his death. This is no time for tears — this is no time for fainting-fits or hysteric sobs—this is the time

<sup>1</sup> “ By degrees the old woman spins her piece,” shewing what perseverance in labour will effect.

for deliberation, for resolution. Now it were useless to attempt any thing; the idle curiosity of the people lead them to collect in small numbers here and there, each relating the sad affray. Before midnight all will be hushed in repose; you must contrive to meet me half an hour before that time in the Plaza; carry with you a long cord wound round your person, and in your hand some food for your father. I will save him, for my love to you; for Felipa's father must ever be dear to me. Nay, lovely girl, when you consent to smile upon my love, what dangers will I not brave for you !

“Felipa, in breathless anxiety, heard the account of the double murder. ‘The man who caught the flying assassin was declared to be an officer of the Mexican service,’ continued Macintosh, ‘but I was as near to him then as to you now; I saw the first murder committed, and for your sake endeavoured to get near your father, to tell him to run to the pier, where I had a boat waiting for me. He was seized before I could approach him, and,

amidst the scoffs and maledictions of the mob, he was carried to the guard-house, thence, of course, to the prison. He lost every farthing he had in the world, and you are penniless, your sisters destitute. Here, however, is that which unlocks the stony hearts of even jailers. Take it—to me it is nothing, to you every thing.’

“Felipa refused the proffered gold, which glistened on the table; but, after much persuasion, she accepted a doubloon, with which she was to bribe the jailer to see her father, and promised to be to her appointment in front of the cathedral, closely muffled up, to meet Macintosh, and to attempt an escape; though no man knew better than Macintosh that such an attempt was futile: the first night a guard over a murderer is vigilant; besides, as was afterwards shewn, the release of the father would have overthrown all his plans.

“The night was dark, scarcely an object visible, when poor Felipa directed her footsteps to the Plaza; all was still as the grave.

In the front, leading to the cathedral-door, stood Macintosh. ‘You are come to your time, unfortunate girl,’ said he, ‘but, I fear, to no avail. I have just come from the prison, and all are on the alert; I doubt if they will admit you at this hour. You can but try; I will await you at the corner. Go; but if two or three soldiers are together, do not attempt to bribe them; you may manage to guide one man, but the hearts of four or five seldom beat in unison, especially when money is the object. Go, brave girl; a firm heart, a flushed cheek, a tearful eye, and a quivering lip, are great aids to the beautiful and the unfortunate.’

“Felipa approached the prison; and no sooner was she recognised than a shout of laughter met her ears. She was not prepared for this unseemly welcome; but the sergeant soon made her clearly understand that he expected her, and would take the supper himself to her father, who was at present engaged with a priest. By this time, the rest of the guard came near the sergeant, and, as the bribe would have been an imprudent offering,

she returned to the captain, to report her ill success. Macintosh had himself told the sergeant that in all probability an attempt would be made by the daughter to liberate her father, and the soldier was therefore prepared for the visit.

“ ‘What can I do, senor, to save him?’ asked the half-distracted girl — ‘for him I would sacrifice my life—my all.’

“ ‘A lesser sacrifice than that of your life, beautiful Felipa, would save him. You know how lax is the law since the Mexican Eagle displaced the broad arms of Old Spain—how accessible to bribes are the judges, and how fond the soldiery are of money. Your life would not save his—your charms might.’

“Felipa shrunk from Macintosh with instinctive dread. Naturally shrewd, it required no great exertion of her talent to see at once the aim of her companion. Money was the means; and how to acquire it was taught in the lesser sacrifice. She remained silent, and thoughtfully pursued her way homeward, whilst Macintosh kept close to her side, whis-

pering his poisonous declaration of love, and his determination to shelter her from the storm which assailed her, and her father from the danger which threatened him. To all this she apparently turned a deaf ear; but, when she approached near her door, he violently seized her hand, saying, ‘Remember, Felipa, you are the murderer of your father if you deny what I solicit. My evidence alone is sufficient to seat him in the fatal chair of the Garotte. You can remove that evidence; one word of promise from you, and my lips are sealed. Without me there can be no conclusive evidence; for I can remove those who witnessed the scene. Think, now, Felipa, of all the torments of your future life, if a father—one who loved you so tenderly, so affectionately—should meet a shameful death, which his daughter could have averted. It requires not much imagination to picture him led forth to public execution; to see the long array of guards through which the criminal must pass; before him, the cross upraised in the priest’s hands; to hear the wail of woe of some of your

sex, and the pious prayers thrown to heaven for the repose of the sinner's soul. And now the fatal chair is seen, the executioner places the iron ring round his neck, the priest receives his last confession, his daughter is on the scaffold frenzied with despair, and hears herself the last gurgle of death as suffocation ensues.'

"Felipa caught his hand, and held him firmly in her clammy grasp. 'Speak not thus,' she said; 'he must not die.'

" 'Then let him live! My vessel is at the anchorage of Sacrificios, my boat is at the pier-end; gather up your clothes, and any articles you may have of value, and this night sees you removed from Vera Cruz, and with you the only evidence which can affect the life of your father. Why hesitate? every moment of delay is fraught with danger. I may be taken before the alcaldí, and my testimony placed on paper, which would be sufficient should I be absent. If I am summoned, I must obey; even now, as you know, the evidence is preparing. Fly with me now; I

have sufficient wealth to place you in affluence for ever.'

" 'And my father !' interrupted the wavering girl—'my father !—who will care for him when I am gone? what will he not feel when, released from his prison, he finds his daughter, his poor, long-loved Felipa, a miserable exile, condemned to live in another land for the very shame of appearing in her own !'

" 'The end justifies the means.'

" 'Not so,' said the girl, as reason partially returned; 'if, as you say, you love me so dearly, so fondly, why exact this act, which brands me for ever? and why not, in the purity of that love, save my father? You are not married, senor, and love levels distinction.'

" 'There are many daughters who shorten the days of their fathers by indifference, want of affection, and rebellion to their wishes. You,' said the captain, coldly, 'take a surer method of abridging his life; you say you love him, and, with the means of rescuing him, you throw away the chance, and dignify it, I suppose, as filial piety.'

“Felipa fell on her knees, and lifted up her prayers for succour and advice, whilst this miserable miscreant pictured to her the glowing detail of her father’s inevitable execution. He kept looking round, as if in expectation of some one, then bade her beware of the dangers of delay—for he had some misgivings as to the power over himself in thus thwarting the ends of justice, and by such a dereliction of duty hazarding his character as a compounder of felony. Still she prayed; but a strange voice soon recalled her to her worldly danger.

“‘*Senor Capitan,*’ said a soldier, ‘we have long been in search of you; the *alcaldi* awaits you at his house; his summons for your attendance is here; please to receive it.’

“Felipa started from her position, and, seizing Macintosh’s hands, exclaimed, ‘Oh! do not go—do not go!—give me but a moment to collect my thoughts. Spare—oh! spare my father! wait—wait whilst I think. José is at Mexico, and returns next week with the mules; to him I was to have been married; and now we stand betrothed; he would risk

all to save my father for the reward of my hand. Go, good senor, to your vessel; take with you the other evidence, and the price of his venture to Mexico, and his return here shall be laid at your feet. I will work for you as a slave; I will pray for you without ceasing; and the voice of one who thus has rescued her father from death shall be hymned for ever in your behalf.'

“ ‘I warned you of this delay—my time is now as short as your greatest enemy could wish. See, here is the order—the soldier has returned to report his service done. The alcaidi awaits my coming. I leave you to await the arrival of José; but, before his eyes shall meet yours, there will be no life in him who gave you birth. Farewell, beautiful parricide. You have a proverb — *Para los descdichardos se hizo la horca* (the gallows was made for the unfortunate). Bereft of friends—forsaken and shunned by her who might have saved him—the father comes to a miserable end, and explains the meaning of the words. For your marriage, fair lady,

this is applicable. *Para mal casar, mas vale nunca maridar.* Good night.'

" 'Stay still a little, in kindness stay, whilst yet I waver between virtue and duty. By and by I will decide.'

" ' *Para luego es tarde*—(by and by will be too late). I give you five minutes—it wants that now of the hour of midnight—and, when the first strike of the cathedral clock comes upon your ear, I depart with you to my ship, or I appear before the *alcaldi*. If the latter—within three days that same clock will summon your father to his execution, and the chime will make sweet harmony to your ears !'

" He replaced his watch, and, folding his arms, quietly awaited the time.

" 'You swear,' said the girl, 'that you will not appear before the *alcaldi*—to withdraw your other evidence—and to return me to my father, if he will receive his lost child; for I would not leave him, if he would extend the arms of forgiveness, and take back to his bosom the child who has sacrificed herself for his life.'

“ ‘ The clock strikes.—Are you resolved ?’

“ ‘ A father’s life is beyond even a woman’s virtue. I will go with you.’

“ Mackintosh covered the girl with his cloak, and, taking her hand, led her to the pier. The rest is easily told. A month afterwards the poor, forlorn, and penniless Felipa was landed at night near Campeache. The ship put to sea from that roadstead, and, on her return to Vera Cruz, the father had been executed more than a week ; and the sister of Felipa, a girl of eight years old, had been taken away by one of the arrieros, to be brought up in his family.”

As he concluded, Alice said—“ May I ask, sir, if you ever saw Captain Mackintosh ?”

“ Never, Miss Rivers.”

“ Have you ever heard him described, so that you could nearly recognize him ?”

“ I could almost venture to say that I would describe him myself so accurately, that, if he deserted, any constable could apprehend him. In the first place, he is nearly six feet in height, his hair is dark, very dark and curly, his com-

plexion is almost mahogany, his eyes black, his features regular and handsome, his teeth very good, and perhaps he would have been a fit model for an Apollo, had he not a scar on his left cheek, which is likewise distinguishable on his ear; for the stiletto of Felipa nearly saved the hangman his proper office."

"And is there no other mark by which so dreadful a character might be recognized?"

"The little finger on his left hand has been broken."

Alice's face was observed to grow a little pale at this last statement, but it was evident she did not give credence to one word of the anecdote. She believed that this sailor turned parson was induced by her mother to give the interesting detail; and, from the manner in his recital, as he always directed his look to her, she apprehended that perhaps her mother had selected this puritanical gentleman as her future husband.

"This is a fearful catalogue of crime in one anecdote," said Mrs. Rivers. "The holy offices of religion, however erroneous they

may be, should be respected in the country where they are established. Gambling leads to murder and idleness, to vice and depravity. All—all seemed centered in this fearful villain! To you, Mr. Simmons, I am indeed indebted for this information. It is strange that my daughter should have heard of such a man, or rather of one of his name. I believe it is time for our usual avocation, and I will ring for my household. Certainly, never had you more occasion, Alice, to be grateful than in this evening's assembly. You have been upon the brink of a precipice. Love has blinded you to the dreadful fall you must have experienced; and one of the church has restored you to sight, and shown you your danger."

## CHAPTER X.

“If any thing could shorten my life,” said Sir Dionysius to his son, “it would be your marriage. You are not qualified, either by age, government of temper, stability of character, or knowledge of your own heart, to make any engagement which is to last for life. It is one thing to fall in love with an object which sits opposite to you for a week, and another to continue that love for a period of thirty or forty years. In all my experience, and all my watchfulness of the world and its ways, I have never yet met with a match, contracted when the parties were so young as eighteen and twenty - two, that terminated happily. They survive the fever caused

by its own heat, and they cool down into heartless indifference. Marriage, my son, should never take place before the man is thirty and the woman twenty. Your budding misses think it delightful to be in love. They would express themselves just as warmly about a dress, or a bonnet, or a pic-nic, a muff, or an opera-singer. The envy of their neighbours excites them to the folly; and those neighbours are the first to pity the bird which, scarcely fledged, has lost its liberty for ever, and they kindly suggest the unhappiness of the match, in the hopes of making it so. Take my advice; think no more of the Admiral's daughter, excepting in the brilliant novel of that name."

"The Admiral's daughter, governor!" replied the son, with astonishment. "I would as soon marry a stuffed Esquimaux as either of those inanimate beings. I love Alice Rivers. You cannot object to her. You know how warmly you expressed yourself concerning her beauty and talent."

"Alice Rivers!" ejaculated the Baronet,

as he lifted his eyebrows almost under his wig. "No—personally I could not object to her who is acknowledged almost without a rival: but I can object and do object to your marrying any woman at your age."

"That fault remedies itself, as you know."

"That is very true; but the other one advances in age with you, and, when you are a young man, comparatively speaking, at forty-four, she will be an old woman of forty."

"A young man at forty-four," said Mopus, as he laughed. "Why, I shall be as old as the hills, then."

"Then, sir, I presume you think me as old as Mount Etna, because I am seventy. Now I will tell you one thing—if your mother was accidentally to die—which, of course, of all things in the world, would be the most distressing to me — I should marry again, and prove to you that old men are like volcanic mountains, with snow on their heads, but with warmth and fire within them. You shall not marry, sir. As sure as ever you do, before I

die—which will be the week after the trap is down, and you, the fool, caught—I will leave away every farthing I can from you. True, you must have the estate, but you could not live upon it without other money; and this I tell you beforehand—that, if you abridge my life, I will curtail your fortune.”

“Well, governor, you must do as you think proper; and I know it is useless my endeavouring to overcome your determination, but I shall marry her.”

“Pray, sir, when did you make her an offer?”

“An offer!” repeated young Mopus—  
“why I never have made her an offer. Of course she will speak so intelligibly to me that I shall only have to hold out my hand and receive my prize.”

“God save the puppy,” said Sir Dionysius, “and make me more prudent in future! Why, do you suppose that Alice Rivers will make you the offer?”

“Suppose, indeed!” said young Mopus, with a sneer. “No—I do not suppose; I am

certain of it. The girl is dying of love for me !”

“ Get out of my sight, you whisker-curved coxcomb ! I breathe again when I look at you, and believe you are to wait until the proposition is made to you ! How is young Clincher ?”

“ Much the same. I believe he may be better, for I have not seen him these two days. He is in love with Alice, and we are rivals.”

“ Believe me, that spirited girl would rather take a penniless sailor, who is a man in thought, word, and action, than tie herself up to a may-pole bedizened out for show, and smelling of every flower that ever could be compressed into a liquid. You have been to college, and, I presume, brought something away to compensate for the money I paid. If you have no regard to my experience, listen to the experience of others. The Spartans never married until they arrived at full strength. You have read that — have you not ? The great philosopher, Aristotle, thought thirty-seven a proper age. Plato says thirty ; and Hesiod

only gives the man the right of *thinking* concerning matrimony at the latter age. Does he not say—

‘ When thirty years are passed of fleeting life,  
Then *think* of taking to your arms a wife ? ’ ”

“ Yes, all that is true enough, but you forget how inapplicable it is in this country; even your authority—I wonder if I shall remember my Greek when I am seventy—says also :

‘ The girl whom sooner marriage bliss invites,  
At *fifteen* years is rife for Hymen’s rites.’

And just fancy my introducing a nursery girl of fifteen as my wife, whilst I should be grey, I suppose, at thirty.”

“ If you are grey, you will take especial care not to show it. Colley’s vegetable dye or the Persian Powder will keep your grey hairs out of sight; you will be ashamed to be natural; and if the old question was again mooted, ‘ If a man is most like himself, drest or undrest,’ you, who look so like a tailor’s

man, would vote for the latter, and bear it out thus : ‘ That no man can select his own eyes, nose, or mouth ; but that his wig and his whiskers may be of his own choosing.’ ”

“ You are pleased to be satirical, governor, so I shall go and lounge with Alice Rivers, and leave those canvass bags stuffed with straw, the Admiral’s daughters, to look after his wooden leg, and his son’s cracked skull. I shall marry Alice if she asks me. I always tell you the truth.”

“ Upon my soul,” said Sir Dionysius, as his son went out, “ I do verily believe that son of mine is the most impudent unblushing coxcomb that ever existed ! What have I not done for him ? I have given him the best education this country could give, I have sent him abroad to expand his mind by travelling, and he returns looking upon me as a useless piece of household furniture, too old to be patched up into modern elegance, and almost too worm-eaten to be admitted into my own drawing-room. Whilst Moggs was here, he fired off his barbed arrows at that poor fel-

low, justifying his satire by affirming that a poor man is insensible—that the world was only made for the rich. Now he is gone in pursuit of his father, I am to become his butt. I wish I had the firmness of the old one-legged Admiral.”

“There, you lucky dog,” said the Admiral, as he entered his son’s room; “there’s a chance for you! Captain Seizemup has offered to take you in his ship. He is the strictest fellow in the service; generally changes his officers every month, and is one of the good old school, who thinks a captain a king, and his ship his country. I have written to him to accept his kindness, and I have told him to rub off a little of the rust you have got by being in love. From the time you join the Snarler, until you are paid off, I’ll answer for it you will not have one moment’s time to yourself; you will be constantly employed—everlastingly engaged; and instead of plastering your hair with young Mopus’s dirty bear’s-grease, you will barely have time to give your face a privateer’s wash, a lick and

a promise. Now then, thank God, I shall get you out of harm's way, and you may spin your yarns of a Saturday night over a glass of grog, instead of caterwauling with that cherry-lipped girl, Alice Rivers."

Very differently did young Clincher receive this intelligence. Of all men in the service—and every service has one or two disagreeable ones—no man was more disliked than Seizemup. He was a proud, imperious fool, a sanguine blockhead, an irascible, quarrelsome, disagreeable idiot, who, having once served under a great admiral, imitated all that was bad in his commander, without having the talent to catch the brilliant and the good. His system was a system of annoyance, whilst his cringing sycophancy to those above him at once denoted him the petty tyrant to all below him.

The Snarler was refitting at Portsmouth, and was expected to be ready for sea in about a fortnight. As young Clincher had recovered all his bruises and sprains, and as Alice Rivers was about to return to her family prison in a

day or two, it became the young midshipman to declare his affection, and to make a grasp for the prize now almost within reach; accordingly, he dressed himself in a peculiarly neat manner, and placed himself before the glass, to take a good look at those features which we are told some men forget directly they cease to look. His whiskers were in terrible disorder, and after cutting off all elongated hairs, and having rubbed in a profusion of *huile antique*, he proceeded with the spring comb to give those adornments of the human face divine a certain hyperion curl. This was not done in a moment—every hair required peculiar adjustment. When lovers trust to their looks more than their tongues, and fancy women are to be captivated more through the tailor and the hair-dresser than by soft sawder and human nature, not a curl must be omitted, and Mr. Clincher was resolved to conquer and to victimize Miss Rivers.

Marling, who had ventured unbidden into the presence-room of the young midshipman,

to congratulate him on his appointment, began, prior to this operation of curling, to express his honest satisfaction at the luck of being afloat.

“I’m blessed, your honour,” he began, “if I would not sooner be hung to the yard-arm of a ten gun brig than die a natural death on shore! Here’s never no order or regularity; and when a bell rings, which I take to be about the same as turning the hands up with a boatswain’s pipe, every blessed fellow below begins to argue whose duty it is to go on deck; one is a powdering his hair, another reading the paper, and a third is writing verses; and there the poor old generous Sir Dionysius may pull away at the bellrope until he’s as tired as those chaps which clear out the colliers in the river, before any one takes any notice of him.”

Marling had got as far as this in his compliments, when he was attracted by the operation of Mr. Midshipman Clincher curling his whiskers. He crept close up to him, and, with an air of the greatest consternation,

watched the comb inserted, turned, twisted, and finally withdrawn, leaving those fascinating ringlets now so often seen on the cheeks of our Frenchified gentlemen. He did not speak; his heart was too full for that; but he made one rush at the razors, and ran away as hard as his legs could carry him. He bolted into the Admiral's room, and, unmindful of the look of displeasure with which he was greeted, began:

“It's all up, sir; I'm blessed if he must not go to the hospital instead of to the Snarler!”

“What's up?” said the Admiral.

“Your son's brain, your honour; he's gone out of his senses; he does not know what he is about, and I'm blessed if he does not believe himself to be his sister, and he's a curling his whiskers!”

“What!” shouted the Admiral, “curling his whiskers?”

“As true as that's a wooden leg, your honour; he's got a gimcrack comb, and he's a standing afore the glass making a woman of himself! a curling of his whiskers! Think o'

that, your honour ! The son of a British admiral curling his whiskers !”

“ A midshipman curling his whiskers !” said the Admiral. “ Then there’s an end of the service ! In my time, midshipmen were not allowed to have whiskers ; and I should have liked much to have seen the brave fellow who would have curled them. The punishment inflicted on a Russian soldier by ‘ running the sticks,’ would have been a joke to what he would have received. I’ll go and see myself—it’s a relaxation of discipline, it’s an infringement on the privilege of a captain—it’s infamous—it’s coxcombical—it’s effeminate—damn it, it’s irreligious !”

And away stumped the Admiral, and took a parent’s very impertinent liberty of looking, without knocking, into a son’s room. There stood Mr. Midshipman Clincher, undergoing the operation still ; he had been marvelously successful with one side of his cheek, and by dint of coaxing, oiling, curling, and wetting, he had every chance of putting the other side also into decent trim. He was sing-

ing "Home, Sweet Home," and occasionally broke into "*Tutto sorridere mi veggo intorno*," when he caught a glimpse of the Admiral advancing on tip and timber toe, as gingerly as a lover to steal a kiss, but looking quite the reverse of his Italian bravura.

"What's this, sir?" said the Admiral, taking hold of the comb.

"A spring-comb, to titivate my whiskers, and I flatter myself I have done it *à merveille*, as Mopus would say."

"As Mopus would say!" repeated the Admiral, with a sneer, that would have done credit to a play-actor—"as those dirty Frenchmen would say; curse their snivelling language and their gimcrack combs!—Pack up—get ready for a start directly—shy those tat-tooing things out of the window, and capsize that oil over the cogged wheels of a patent capstan! If ever I see you greasing your head, like a she nigger going to a dignity ball, I'll cut you out of my will—I'll keep you on shore for two years—you shall be a midshipman of thirty, living in luxury upon your half-

pay, and it will take all the brains you ever had in your head to calculate the amount of your quarterly bill. Marling, clap a direction on his chest, and never lose sight of him until he's on the top of the Portsmouth coach; whilst I write to my friend Seizemup, to make his face as bare as his hand. I'll stop this mutiny—a midshipman curling his whiskers and oiling his head! It's all owing to that reform bill—it made all the girls wear boots, and all the midshipmen become dandies—it upset navy, army, long-shore loungers, landsmen, lords and loyalty. But, although I have one leg in the grave, it shall not upset me. You have got one hour before you start—here are your supplies—and just take this assurance to add to your own, that I never want to see you again until some men or women have combed your hair for you.”

The Admiral was a fierce man, when, as the Yankees say, his dander was up; but, after fizzing away like a catherine wheel for a minute or two, he remained just as devoid of flame as the exhausted firework. When he had

reached his own room, he threw himself on his sofa, and burst out into a fit of laughter, at Marling's idea of his son having mistaken himself for his own sister.

Mr. Midshipman Clincher, although a very respectful son, had imbibed some of the notions of young Mopus, and began to think that the wisdom of our ancestors was all moonshine; that a youth of four years old could do more than many emperors, kings, sultans, princes, and governors some four or five hundred years ago, and that in fact all who had preceded him were little short of idiots, comparatively speaking; that the rising generation, of which shortly he hoped to be one, were better qualified to give than to receive advice; and that, saving the respect due to an admiral's uniform and rank, no other respect but that which a son owes to his father was at all necessary or desirable. Whilst pondering over this, Marling employed himself getting his young master's chest and bag ready, and quietly hinted that in half an hour more the Rocket would pass within two miles of the lodge gate.

Clincher paid not the slightest attention to the subject, but, having set his whiskers off to the best possible advantage, he proceeded in quest of Miss Rivers.

Alice, whose whole soul was love and affection, was in the walk where she had met her first love; she was wandering slowly to and fro, as if chance might favour, what she most wished, another interview with Macintosh; it was one of those desperate hopes never absent from a woman's mind when she is in love. Clincher soon found out her solitude, and it was just calculated for his enterprise. The walks were in continued curves, so that unless a stranger was within a few yards, the passionate pilgrim and the love-sick maid might whisper in security.

In spite of the discovery made of the character of her lover, nothing could efface his image from Alice's mind. He was handsome! alas, how many women overlook all the vices and follies of our nature in that expression! and it is hard to believe that Wilks could have succeeded in his wager, when he offered to beat the handsomest man in the world if

he had half-an-hour's previous conversation with the woman. But, when a handsome man is bold, daring, and resolute, it is not every tongue which can flatter vanity, or make a woman so much in love with herself as to overlook the more startling qualities of courage and manly beauty. She had fixed her heart and soul on this adventurer; his conversation had charmed her; his knowledge of foreign countries and language, and his remarks, so different from the ball-room butterfly, who can only lisp of charming rooms, delightfully lighted, sweet music, and crowded assemblies, at once installed him as the perfection of his sex. Miss Rivers had a certain portion of female romance, and, with all her talent, was, like the generality of women, very susceptible of flattery; this Macintosh had perceived, and in gently catering to her disposition, had fastened himself on her heart.

The footsteps of the son of Neptune caused Miss Rivers to retrace her own: they met precisely on the spot where the letter had been found, and a flush at the very recollection

crimsoned the young lady's cheek as the thought occurred to her. It was mistaken by Clincher for that delicate and silent expression of love which does occasionally suffuse a maiden's cheek.

"It is seldom," said Miss Rivers, as she approached him, "that young officers of the navy betake themselves to such solitary shades as these."

"I came to meet you, Miss Rivers—to wish you all possible health and happiness during my absence—and, in fact, to take a short leave of you, whilst I exchange the delights of this place for all the inconveniences and annoyances of my profession."

"But you do not leave us to-day, Mr. Clincher?"

"In an hour or two, at most, I must be on my road to Portsmouth; but when I return is uncertain. My father, with all the parental love so conspicuous in one-legged admirals, has provided me with a captain, whose reputation is as unenviable as his black majesty's; and a ship which is as likely to

be a coffin as any wood in an undertaker's shop."

"I hope, however," said Miss Rivers, "that your ship may not turn into a coffin; and that you will return to cheer us with some anecdotes of your perilous profession."

Clincher thought this was a good opening for a declaration, and, being perfectly confident that he occupied some portion of Miss Rivers's heart, and knowing that, if he departed without some word of love, he left the fortress to the assault of Mopus and his money, he muttered to himself the old adage — "that a faint heart never won a fair lady;" and forthwith proceeding, lowering his voice into a silky softness, and murmuring his mellifluous sentences in elocutional harmony—

"I wish," he began, "I could persuade myself that my return would give Miss Rivers one moment's joy."

"I assure you," said the innocent creature, "it will give me the greatest joy, for you are an universal favourite, and I am not singular

enough to desert all my sex, or to disagree with them on so established a point."

"Such expressions, Miss Alice, are general enough; they extend to all who contribute by the recapitulation of anecdotes to amuse the society into which they are admitted; but I would have from you a better remembrance—I would live in your memory until my return—occupy some of your thoughts—and believe that, in my absence, your heart would retain a lively recollection of one who will feel the happier when he is permitted to return to you."

Alice stopped short and looked at him with an indescribable expression of countenance. She had never contemplated an offer from Clincher, any more than she had anticipated the disclosure made by Moggs. She had ever been kind, pleasing, attentive, and amiable to all; but particular, certainly, to none. She looked the confusion of her thoughts, but she remained silent.

"Will you answer me, Miss Rivers, one question?" said Clincher.

“ If it is proper for a gentleman to ask, I certainly shall not refuse.”

“ It cannot be improper, although it may be imprudent. I will hazard your displeasure, feeling that my object warrants the question. Are you engaged to be married to any one?”

“ Engaged to be married !” repeated Miss Rivers.

Now there are very few men who are conversant with human nature, and who are accustomed to elicit the truth from unwilling witnesses, but must have observed, that, whenever a man repeats the question, *he is afraid to answer it*—he only does it to gain time for the collection of his thoughts.

“ If I have asked an improper question, I do not desire Miss Rivers to answer it. I could but ask it with one intention; and perhaps your refusal to answer it will save me a greater pain than in hearing my own sentence pronounced by your acknowledging it—Miss Rivers—Alice—my own—my dearest...”

“ Your what?” said the old Admiral, as he

pounced upon his son. “ Away with you, this instant—the coach waits. Do you think you are going to shorten my life by making me a grandfather while I am only a rear-admiral? Marling, take this caterwauling youngster to the coach. Good-bye, sir. Away with you. — Ah! you rosy-cheeked cherub! Is this the way you steal hearts which should be devoted to their country, and not to any individual, although fair, lovely, and fascinating as yourself?—That’s a little flattery, which will keep her heart quiet. Now I’ll see my son off, and Seizemup will uncurl his whiskers by some damp air aloft.”

## CHAPTER XI.

“I never saw greater wretchedness in my life,” said Trophonius Moggs to his companion; “the poor fellow must be on the brink of starvation, and my five franc piece may be more useful to him than to the donor.”

“He was about as regular a wretch as ever existed,” replied the companion (one Mr. Marmaduke Madcap), “a low-minded fool, who hazarded his life for the value of ten sous. He had better have committed a forgery for some thousands, and he could but have lost his life after all; and now I doubt if he has interest enough to get executed. I think your charity misapplied, and, from your quiet way of not letting your left hand know what your

right hand was about, you had not even the gratification of being complimented for your liberality."

"Never mind, Marmaduke, we all commit some extravagancies in our life, and this one, I feel, is well bestowed. Now for business. Can you assist me in finding out my father?"

"I verily believe," replied Marmaduke, who drew his collar up a little, and elongated the cuffs of his shirt, so as almost to cover his knuckles, "that if a rat concealed itself in the dirtiest corner of Nôtre Dame, the French police would ferret him out. I would wager the property of the English Yacht Club against the furniture of your beggar, that by to-morrow at noon I shall know all your father has done for the last fortnight."

"But, understand me, I do not want my father to know that I am hunting him up; I want to meet him accidentally, and see if there is any truth in the saying that nature makes us feel the presence of a parent."

"When he has been honoured with an unexpected draft, it's marvellous how soon the

father recognises the extractor of his coin. But we are close to the Prefecture de Police; we may as well inquire at once."

They now entered the biographical repository of Paris, and they were soon ushered into the presence of the prefect, who recognised Mr. Madcap with that gentlemanly elegance so flattering to a man who lives on his neighbours, and to whom a cut is fatal.

"We have ventured, Monsieur le Préfet, to intrude upon you, being most anxious to discover the abode of a gentleman whom we believe to be in Paris, though we have no certainty."

"His name, if you please."

"Matthew Moggs," said Trophonius.

A small bell was rung, and an order was given to find out the residence of this man.

"We have no one of that name on our register at all," said the man, returning almost immediately; "neither has any passport been granted or received for such a name. There is one Trophonius Moggs, who arrived in Paris a week ago, who went first to Meurice's, and

on the day after removed to a small lodging *au troisième* No. 2, Rue Louis le Grand, who has no servant, and who dresses in a brown frock coat and blue trousers, something like monsieur there (pointing to Trophonius), who is in the habit of frequenting the minor theatres, and who slept last Thursday at . . . .”

“I am that man,” interrupted Trophonius, “and it is my father whom I wish to discover.”

“Yes, I see,” said the secretary, “the description is exact — rather short nose, blue eyes, sandy hair, a scar on the left cheek, nose a little injured, &c. But your father is not in Paris.”

“He is a very singular man,” said Trophonius, “and, for reasons best known to himself, he has for many years concealed his residence from me. He must now be old; and, as I have not received from him his usual letters, I am apprehensive he may be ill, or dead, or in distress. His letters always had the Paris postmark, and I am convinced he is somewhere in Paris.”

“Can you describe him at all?” said the

préfet, who became somewhat interested in the story. "It is clear that for the last three years no one of that name but yourself has been in Paris. He might have come with a false passport, if he wishes to conceal himself from others as well as from his son; but without some clue either to his features, his ordinary style of dress, his manner of living, it is almost impossible to discover him on the moment."

"I have not seen him for fifteen years, and have not the faintest recollection of his features; neither can I tell if he is rich or poor, or give any clue to him."

"It shall be my province," replied the préfet, "to make inquiries, and if I succeed I will let you know."

"Shall I leave my address?" said Trophobius, suiting the action to the word, and feeling for his card-case.

"There is no necessity," said the préfet, with a smile; "we know you are in Paris, and can find you at any hour."

"This is a strange system," said Marma-

duke, "and yet you see how well it is conducted. A man who comes to Paris for pleasure or from poverty is never molested; they know even where he sleeps, and can trace all his steps in a moment; but he is unconscious of the surveillance, and never would be aware of it, did he not require to trace others; and, by seeing the machinery work to that end, he becomes convinced that he himself could be as easily discovered. It is quite a masterpiece. I have no doubt they will find out your father; and if they don't punish him for being under a false name and with a false passport, I am mistaken; so mind what you are about. You are hunting up game which you would not like to see hurt or destroyed."

"Thank you much for the hint; but I am impelled by an irresistible curiosity, and, happen what may, I will see my father again. I will wander the world over in my search, and I will be as sleepless as the French police, until I have found him."

Trophonius Moggs and his friend Marmaduke Madcap went quietly along the banks of

the Seine, crossed the Tuileries, lounged up the Rue de la Paix, and crossed the Boulevards to the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Marmaduke had gained his point: his friend was to give him a dinner at the Trois Frères in the Palais Royal at six o'clock; and, no sooner was the invitation given and accepted, than away walked Marmaduke, to lay his anchor out for the day following.

At this time, Trophonius Moggs was not troubled with much money, and dinner-parties are (especially if they finish with some Romanée gelée, a wine for which the Trois Frères is justly renowned) rather expensive gratifications. Moggs was considering how long he could hold out in the French capital before it became imperative to cut and run for some other place, when his eye fell upon the woman who had assisted the old man, and rescued him from the knife of the assassin.

"How is the old gentleman and his ten sous economical *buche*?" asked Moggs.

"Ill—very ill, monsieur, and now in bed."

"Bed!" said Moggs, with some surprise.

"Has he got a bed?"

“Yes,” replied the woman, “and I doubt if ever he will get out of it. He has sent me to buy a franc’s worth of meat to make him some broth, and it is the first he has taken for many a week—at least as strong as this will be.”

“What is his name?” said Moggs.

“I never heard it,” replied the woman; “he is always called Monsieur Matthieu.”

“Where does he live?”

“No. 9, Rue St. Nicholas d’Antin. If monsieur takes the second turning to the left he will soon see the abode. He lives *au quatrième*, at the very top of the house. I must not wait longer.”

She dropped a French courtesy, expressing her master’s thanks for the liberal present of the five francs.

Moggs had nothing to do but to seek adventures, and he had at least one hour and a half before he was required at the Trois Frères. The poor are always accessible; every one may invade their doors; and Moggs, who had experienced the fact in England, thought he could

not do better than intrude himself upon the old man ; and, although the ungenerous notion never occurred to him that he was about to make the giver of charity appear before the receiver, and to humble the old man by placing his benefactor before him, yet he resolved to have another look at the invalid ; and he forthwith quickened his pace for that laudable purpose.

The outside of the house was emblematic of the poverty within ; and yet in this miserable abode, *au premier* (that is always respectable), there resided a French count and a play-actress ; and the whole house—for it had many rooms—had as different castes of society as there were tenants. The staircase was narrow and dirty, and the abode altogether was most suspicious. Moggs walked up stairs without interruption, for there was no porter to ask questions ; the house was so miserably poor, that, with the exception of the count's rooms, which were furnished by himself, and consequently at his own risk, all the furniture put together would not have paid the expense of watching the lodgers.

On arrival at the top of the staircase, he saw a door on the left hand half open, and, without knocking to herald himself, he walked into the apartment. There was a small miserable fire, which the economical *buche* made less, and the whole appearance was that of the most abject poverty and distress. There did not appear visible one single article of furniture which could contribute to make a man comfortable ; even the old rickety chest of drawers, which adorned his former lodgings, had taken its departure, and a miserable-looking deal box, which formerly might have held tallow candles, contained in its capacious interior all the valuable wardrobe of the old man. He lay in his bed perfectly unconscious of the intruder, who, finding himself unnoticed, leant against the window, watching the pauper, and running into philosophical thoughts at the inequality of men's means, and the patient endurance of poverty, whilst affluence frets and ruffles itself if the slightest air disturbs the rose-leaf on which it endures its trivial pain.

“ I wonder,” said Trophonius, to himself,

“what would happen to me if the old gentleman died this moment, and I should be found in the room, unable to give a good account of myself? Charity is very laudable, but self-preservation is the first law of nature; so I'll depart, and leave the poor old soul the price of his soup.”

He placed a franc on the mantelpiece, and had half way descended the stairs, when he met the woman, and to her he mentioned his determination of calling the next day, and promising a present, if by her care and vigilance the poor man was better. The French-woman said something about the goodness of Providence in having thus brought the rich to the assistance of the poor, very little of which Trophonius understood, and then continued her ascent.

The dinner at the *Trois Frères* was an everyday occurrence. Mr. Marmaduke, who lived on his friends, took good care not to let the bill be very extravagant, or the gain excessive, for he cleared every dish, wondered at Moggs's want of appetite, ridiculed his feelings in re-

gard to the old fool, declared that such an idiot was only fit for a madhouse or a grave, and concluded by finishing every plate and every bottle. He was in high good spirits, having fixed himself on another for the day following, and civilly declined the proposed visit in the Rue St. Nicholas.

Moggs gave a heavy sigh as he paid the bill, for, at these *restaurants*, however cheap the articles may appear on the *carte*, they look awfully expensive on the *carte à payer*, more especially when each five franc piece is severely felt in its loss. No sooner were they clear of the *restaurant*, than Marmaduke took his leave, he having had a present of a seat at the French Opera.

“We shall meet again, Moggs,” said the practical fisher of men, “either here or elsewhere; I shall take the earliest opportunity of praying you to accept an invitation, but at present my hands are so full, that I am literally engaged half a score deep. Good night. Rather good wine that; but those *cotelettes à la soubise* were a mere *réchauffée*.”

And, thus condemning the food on which he fattened, he retired to the Opera, there to fasten on some one else.

Strange thoughts haunted Moggs ; even in his sleep he stood beside the sick bed of the old man, and in his dreams, for once, he was relieved from those visions of bills which sometimes haunt the memory of a man whose account at his banker's is small, and whose credit is nearly exhausted. There was a certain feeling of unusual affection or kindness for this poor old man ; and the more Moggs endeavoured to shake off the remembrance of his charity, the more it rose up before him, and the more contented he felt with his unusual liberality.

It was one of those cold, raw, nasty mornings, which are prevalent in Paris when the thermometer takes a dip, and leaves the half-frozen meteorologist to count the degrees below the freezing point. Moggs was shivering by the poêle, warming his hands on the marble top, when a letter was brought from young Mopus, enclosing another, the enclosure in

which was most welcome. It was a ten-pound note—the great sum of two hundred and fifty francs—money always looks larger in France.

The very first idea which occurred to Moggs was to appropriate a certain part to forward the wishes or the wants of the old man. Mopus's letter gave an account of late proceedings, mentioned Clincher having been shipped off rather hastily, ridiculed the sailor's attempt upon Alice's heart, and finished by a complimentary notice of the writer, and his intention to appropriate to himself the heart of Miss Rivers. The postscript recommended Moggs not to throw away money in hunting up a father who evidently desired to live unnoticed, and who in all probability wished to remain incog. with some fair French actress. "Cut the paternity," it ended. "It is the duty of fathers to look after their sons and their wants, but it's indelicate, it's intrusive, in short, it is a miserable affectation of affection, to care one straw about one's father, when he does not desire or deserve the attention. Bring me over some of Guirlande's shaving-paste, a

bottle of *esprit de verveine*, two pair of boots from Sandré's, and the new English novels from Baudry's."

On arriving at the old man's house, Moggs found him weaker, and, in short, in his belief, in imminent danger.

"Have you sent for a medical man?" he asked.

"No, no," replied the miserable creature, "they only come for money, and I have none to spare; they send some drug not worth five sous, and take five francs for recommending one to swallow it. I would rather die than be a spendthrift; and what good can a doctor do when nature is worn out, and all the clock-work of life dulled and rusted?"

"He can grease the wheels, and clear the rust," said Trophonius, "and you will feel more confidence in his assertion that you are not in danger."

"I will have no doctor; mind, I tell you if one comes I will not pay him; it's terrible to be robbed, when one is so weak and unable to defend one's property."

“ I know one,” said Moggs, “ an Englishman, who will come for nothing, and I will fetch him. This room is terribly cold; I will put on some more wood.”

The miser jumped upright in his bed, and declared he was already suffocated, and that the stranger wanted to kill him.

“ Look how it burns,” he said; “ every minute consumes the worth of a sou; and where am I to find the money to pay for such extravagance! Take off some,” he said to the woman; “ you would stand there and see me ruined, for the sake of warming your hands.”

As Moggs saw that all endeavours on his part were fruitless, he took his departure, and, calling on his friend the doctor, begged him to visit the old man, whose circumstances he mentioned, and not to charge him any thing. There is no profession more liberal than the medical; they very properly bleed the rich, but to the poor they are almost always kind and benevolent.

“ I am going that way,” the doctor said, “ and will call upon him.”

“Remember, doctor, I shall be your debtor ; but I fear your patient is not long for this world.”

When the doctor arrived at the bedside, he stood and riveted his eyes upon the apparently old man, and seemed heedless of the continued assertion of :—“ I never sent for you—I won’t pay you.”

“ Unless my memory sadly betrays me,” said the doctor, “ I have seen you before, and yet I cannot exactly say where or when.”

“ You never knew me,” said the old man ; “ it is an excuse to come here to rob me ; but I won’t pay ; I don’t desire your advice.”

“ I am come solely as a friend, and, if you were to offer me ten napoleons a visit I would not take a sou, so make your mind easy on that point.”

“ Not take ten napoleons !” said the miser. “ Now I know that cannot be true ; but I won’t pay you ; I don’t want your advice.”

“ Hearken, good man,” said the doctor ; “ if you won’t pay me, it’s evident I cannot take a fee, so pray give over all discussion on

that point. You have seen better days, and I have seen you under other circumstances. In a few minutes my memory will recall you, for few ever escaped that record. Ah ! it was in India ; now I have a faint recollection, which will soon furnish me with more facts."

"I do not want your advice, doctor ; you had better go to those who pay for it."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, feeling his patient's pulse ; "you have not life enough in you to warm you ; even now your pulse is fearfully low : the room is too cold, and you require instant support. Here, woman," he said, "give me some paper and ink."

"I have no paper," said the sick man, "or ink, or pens ; they cost money, and how could I buy such extravagancies?"

The doctor took out a pocket-book, and, tearing out a leaf, wrote in pencil what he required. He gave the woman some money, and despatched her.

"Now, my old friend," he began, "we are alone, and I am going to enlighten your mind. You may be poor, but you were once rich.

Think if you cannot bring back to your memory a certain scene in Calcutta, where a young surgeon of the Company's service attended you for a wound in the arm—just here," continued the doctor, as he lifted the sleeve from the anatomy beneath, and saw the mark where a ball had passed through — "do you think I recognize you now?"

Here the doctor stopped, and, taking all the wood he could find, piled it on the fire.

"Ruin! ruin!" said the miser. "How can I live when that is gone! take it off again, Luttrell, take it off, or I shall die!"

"Ah, you remember me, then," said the doctor, fanning the flame with his hat, "and I remember that I am indebted to you: so, if misfortune has come upon my old friend (and yet you cannot be older than myself, fifty-five) if the cruel hand of adversity has overtaken you, if chance has ruined, or extravagance dissipated your wealth, my purse is at your service, my knowledge at your disposal. When your servant returns, I will send for some more wood, and a bottle of generous

wine, a little of which will do more for you at present than medicine."

"I shall die without a farthing," said the miserable man. "I cannot pay, I have no money; it's all gone, all, all."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the doctor, quietly, "because now you cannot be poorer, and may be richer; so, first of all, I shall leave five napoleons on the chimneypiece."

"No, no," said the sick man, hastily, "give them me before she comes, and I'll keep them here, where she can't find them. Bless you, she would run out and buy to the value of a franc, as she did yesterday. It's gold. I would not have them changed for the world. But I can't pay you again — gold, gold, how bright they look! I'll put them here, and lie upon them, and then she cannot see them. Hush, hush, she is coming!"

And he clutched the gold with a miser's grasp, and put them under his pillow, his eye becoming animated, and his wizened cheeks flushed.

"Go, good woman," said the doctor, giving

another napoleon, “and buy a fowl, get some meat to make some soup, and stop at the corner, give this card, and tell them to give you a bottle of the best Burgundy, order in plenty of wood, and tell a glazier to come and set these windows to rights.”

“Madame,” said the old man, “here, I want to whisper to you — closer—don’t change the gold, keep it as it is. I am quite well, and don’t require either the wood or wine—give it to me, and pretend to go.”

“Do as I tell you, madame, with my money ; when it is his, then you may obey him. I shall wait here until the things come, and I want the change.”

“There will be none, doctor, none,” said the miser ; “it will cost all, all ! How rich you are ! Don’t wait in the cold — never mind me—I am quite well, quite.”

“Go, woman,” said the doctor, rather sharply. “I see your complaint, my old friend, and sorry I am to see it, but nothing will cure it—it is a disease of the mind, where medicine cannot reach, and where words are

useless. It will die with you, and only then ; and, after you have starved yourself to death, we shall find a bag of gold which might have kept you alive for ten years to come."

"Who told you I had gold? who ever saw my gold? Ay, don't say so out loud; they would rob me; they did at the last house, because they knew I had once been seen with a piece of gold."

"What is the use of money but to be spent?" said the doctor; "it is of no more use than a bundle of sticks, if you do not convert its value into what you want. Supposing you to have all the gold in the world, if you do not use it, it is obvious you render it useless, worthless. You cannot take it to your grave; your heir, the police, the undertaker, will hinder that, and the hoarding of that which has cost you your life will jingle on a gambling-table a month afterwards. But I know I only waste my breath: this is your disease, which no earthly power can alter or amend; it leads to meanness and to destitution—destitution in the vortex of wealth. Now I prefer

spending my income in nourishing myself, my family, and my friends ; and, since you won't spend your own, I will spend mine for you. Take a little of this—it will do you good.”

“I cannot pay for it, doctor. Mind, this is a friendly visit. I never sent for you, and I can't tell how you came here.”

“Masterman, this is all nonsense ; you have money, and I know it; and, as your life is not worth much—for, when I am not here I know you will not eat—I shall avail myself of the liberty of a friend, and ask after those affairs which all men ought to settle before they fall into hopeless senility or sickly prejudices. You had a son, where is he?”

“What do you wish to know for, Luttrell? Do you wish to bring him here to kill me? to see my wretched state? How can I afford to pay for his travelling? He is in England.”

“And how does he exist, if you are so destitute as to need the common necessities of life?”

“I send him money from the little I have left, and he gets through the world well, but

he does not know me by the name of Masterman. And I pray you do not find him. I am past fifty-five, and his presence is the signal of my death."

"Strange man, indeed, you are," said the doctor, "who can thus provide for a son, thereby showing that his wants and necessities operate upon your mind, whilst you actually disguise yourself under a false name, that he should not return your affection, or close your eyes when death approaches. What name does he rejoice in?"

"Trophonius Moggs," said the miser, "and if I could but see him before I die—for I must see him before it happens—I should die the happier; but I have no money to pay for his travelling, and, moreover, I feel I shall live the longer the longer he is absent."

"Moggs!" repeated the doctor; "why Moggs sent me to you; he is in Paris; he mentioned your case at the correctional police, and his having given you five francs to keep you alive."

The miserable man sat up in his bed: his

wasted form appeared like a skeleton in a shroud.

“What!” he began, “my son give five francs to a stranger. Oh, spendthrift, oh, foolish extravagant youth! five francs! it would keep me a fortnight. What use is money to him, when he throws it away upon the first man he sees; silver, silver, sprinkled like water! Charity gives sous, extravagance silver; oh, my son, my son!”

“As I happen to know that your son will call here very shortly, I shall take the liberty of being present; and pray, Masterman, allow me the privilege of an old friend, under obligations to you many years ago. Who is your man of business? to whom have you given your will? or, in the event of your death, which will not be long delayed if you continue to refuse yourself the commonest food, to whom is your son to apply? how is he to live?”

“He will never live, he will starve—silver, silver, given in charity. But you will find the name of my solicitor and an account of the

miserable wreck of my fortune in a pocket-book under my pillow : but don't let any one rob me when I'm dead ; it's hard to part with the gold, and I should like to have it placed near me when I'm buried ; and tell my son not to give silver to poor men."

The doctor's restoratives had acted well ; he saw his patient eat some meat, and he was preparing to leave the room, (as Moggs never made his appearance) having got up a good fire, and removed the economical *buche* to a colder situation. "I must go, Masterman," he said, "but I shall return in an hour or so."

"Mind, doctor, a friendly visit. I don't want any assistance, none. Good bye."

No sooner was the doctor gone than the miserable man produced the five napoleons, and counted them over and over again. The woman was out of the room, and he, having feasted his eyes almost to satiety, placed them in a small bag which had been concealed under his pillow, and as they fell the noise would have convinced a stranger that gold was not absent from that lonely room. His

first order when his servant returned was to take off nearly all the fire, to place again the economical *buche*, and to sell the remainder of the wine !

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Moggs entered the room, and, in spite of all the precautions of the invalid to avoid expense, an evident difference had taken place ; the window was repaired, and the room considerably warmer. He looked on the bed, and there reposed, in perfect sleep, the exhausted body of the stranger. He beckoned to the woman not to move, and, cautiously advancing, he replenished the fire ; he then took another view of the poor decrepid man, and, placing ten francs in the hands of the woman, and promising more if she took good care of him, kept the room warm, and made him comfortable, he placed a napoleon on the mantelpiece, and withdrew.

He had not departed five minutes when the miser awoke ; he was told of his accession of wealth, and clutched it ; but he burst into tears when he heard the donor was his son ; —

not from affection, or feeling grateful to Heaven that his offspring visited the sick, and gave much of his scanty means for their subsistence, but because he *gave* gold. "And how could that man prosper," he said, "who out of such slender allowance could lavish such sums!" Gold was his god, the only god he worshipped: all human felicities, all the joys of domestic life, or the varied pleasures which are within our grasp in this gay and joyous world, all the most pious feel in their adorations, or affection centres on an only child, was tame in comparison with the joy, the un-earthly joy that the miser knew as he counted the useless gold which he had hoarded under his pillow. Not a word escaped him of regret that he had slept when one who might have been allured to gayer scenes amidst the fascination of Paris had, in the prime of youth, forsaken the brilliant crowd for the hovel of the sick man, who denied himself the pleasures to which his companions resorted with laughter in their looks, to do good by stealth, to distribute charity where starvation ap-

peared predominant ; but he groaned over the reckless extravagance, and murmured his complaints against the very child who had relieved him.

“ Who put that wood on the fire, madame ? ” he began.

“ The stranger did it.”

“ Take it off ; I would rather perish with cold than thus waste the little I possess.”

“ The doctor paid for it,” said the woman.

“ The doctor is a fool, and we should not imitate fools ; the doctor lives upon fools, who pay him for feeling a pulse, or examining a tongue.”

“ Don’t excite yourself, monsieur, so much ; here is some broth the doctor ordered ; it is very good.”

“ Yes,” said the miser, as he tasted a small quantity, “ much too good, much too strong ; give me a little mixed with water, and sell the rest ; you may get a sou for it, and sous in time make silver, and silver gold, and gold, oh, what a delight is gold ! how I wish I had some ! Keep the door locked, and don’t move in the night.”

“ You look, sir, very excited, and there is a something about your appearance quite unusual—let me go for the doctor.”

“ Not for worlds,” said the old man; “ then he would have a right to his fee ; no, he will come again to-night to try and make me his patient, but I will disappoint him. He gave me money, he’ll want it back again, and, if I once pay him, I must pay him always. He thought to lure me by this bait to his hook, but,” continued the old man, chuckling with imbecile laughter, “ he might have known that Matthew Masterman always looked a long way before him.”

The doctor came in not a moment after this speculative speech ; and, after gently upbraiding the woman for having diminished rather than increased the fire, he sat down by the bedside of his old friend.

“ Your pulse, Masterman, is gradually sinking, your eye gradually becoming dim, and I should badly discharge my duty, if I failed to warn you of the near approach of death. Let me, my friend, at once prepare you for that

which is inevitable, and which I, as well as yourself, must soon experience : a few days, months, or years, more or less, makes up the total of life, and, as death must come, happy are those who are not afraid of its presence. Your son, Masterman, has been here whilst you slept. I have seen him, and heard from him how he has been supported. He came to Paris to find you, he came determined to give up all to nourish you, and to work for his living, and for your maintenance. He will be here at eight o'clock, and I tell you candidly that by midnight your earthly career may have ceased. Your son does not know you as his father ; the police have consented to inquire concerning you at his request, and you have this great satisfaction, that at the last moment your son, your long lost, discarded, discredited son, will kneel at your side before you die."

"He will rot in a poor-house, doctor — he gives gold, poor miserable boy ! What o'clock is it ?"

"It is half-past seven."

“ Four hours and a half more, and then the little gold I have got will be taken from me.”

“ But your son will be near you to comfort you in your last moments; to him that gold will descend, and, though I shall rejoice in his increased worldly prosperity, I hope it may never be the curse to him it has been to you.”

“ How, Luttrell, how!—gold a curse? I wish I was cursed with it even to a golden coffin.”

“ How? Masterman, can you ask—‘ how?’ Do you not know, or has avarice cheated your belief, that in this world we are mere stewards of that which is entrusted to us?—our talents, our strength, our riches, our powers of endurance, our efforts of mind and of memory, are so many gifts for which we are responsible.”

“ I know it, doctor, and have not I, like the faithful steward, increased the talent? have I squandered it like my son, like you, like others?”

“ We shall know more of that before long;

but how has your money been laid out to good interest?—have the poor, who lingered out life in pain and wretchedness, been relieved by that which you have hoarded in your clutch? when the mother has solicited your charity, and held out her starving child, whose little hands, thin and meagre from want, were stretched towards you, imploring aid—have you given it? Has the labourer, who toiled in his youth until premature age furrowed his cheek, been relieved in his little wants by you? have you comforted the widow and the orphan in their affliction? You have done mischief from the day you hoarded your wealth with such niggardliness; you have withdrawn from circulation that which must have benefited many; and, although hereafter it must return to the general mass, yet hundreds may have withered whom you might have relieved; and, for the mischief you have occasioned, you stand responsible. It is now too late to rectify what has occurred. Some foolish misers have left their children to starve, and built a church

and an hospital as a reconciliation with God, as if the unjust object did not defeat the end. Yours, I hope, is left to your son; a man's property should descend to his own blood. At your last hour, Masterman, even now, when death will not, cannot, be longer eluded, I charge you by all the hopes of an hereafter to do justice to your son. If he has offended you, forgive him; if he has erred, do not plunge him deeper in sin by withholding from him that competency which may enable him to retrieve his character, and turn him from his wickedness to live. It is hard, very hard, to be poor and to be honest; do not, therefore, leave your child to the risk of such temptation. I hear his step upon the staircase. I shall witness this meeting; and mind, there is an Eye above which will observe the deepest secret of your heart. I warn you that, in one hour's time, your soul will be before its judge!"

With the cautious step of one fearful of disturbing the feverish repose of the sick, Trophonius entered the room; the doctor had

left the box on which he had been seated, and was standing by the fire; the faithful old Frenchwoman had been busy in preparing some broth, and had taken it to the window carefully to skim it; one miserable tallow candle feebly illumined the scene of death; and an unusual silence pervaded the Rue St. Nicholas.

“Is the poor old man better?” said Moggs, as he went up to the doctor; “does he sleep?”

“Come to *me*,” said Masterman, extending his emaciated arms, “come to *me*, and receive the blessing of a dying man.”

“Do not agitate yourself, my good friend,” said Moggs. “I have only done that which it was my duty as a man, as a christian, to do. Quiet, compose yourself, and I will order whatever the doctor may think requisite.”

“Come to me closer, closer; forgive me—say that you do. I am your miserable, wretched father.”

Moggs clasped his hands together, and gazing at the poor creature before him, seemed to trace, even in the wan, worn countenance,

some faint recollection of former features, and, falling into the arms of his father, he expressed his warmest gratitude to Heaven in having permitted him to render some service to one he had so long endeavoured to find.

“ I am going, Trophonius,” the father began, “ to my grave ; within an hour I shall cease to live ; the sight of you has agitated me beyond my strength, and has abridged the brief time which was allotted to me. I cannot tell you now what I ought long since to have told you ; all my feelings have been blunted by adversity. I have merely known you from the expense you cost me, and I hoped to find you prudent in your charity. You have given gold, ah ! to me, though your father, then a stranger ; you would ruin me before I die.”

“ Masterman,” said Luttrell, “ you had better talk of scenes past, and prospects of the future ; you had better, instead of censuring your son’s charitable disposition, implore him to join you in one prayer for your own forgiveness. Take this wine ; it will enable you to

bear up a little longer ; your pulse is feeble, irregular, and quick ; each moment now is of more value than years, and the time must not be lost in talking of charity.”

“ Under my pillow, boy, you will find what I have hoarded for you ; don’t give it away ; don’t take it from me until I am gone. Oh ! it is bitter, bitter pain to part with it ;” and here the old man felt for his gold, and clasped it—“ here, Trophonius, let me whisper one word in your ear—you forgive your father, don’t you ? I have a favour to ask, and I do not wish Luttrell to hear it. Put your ear close. Bury some of it with me ; place it in my hand, and clutch the fingers together before they stiffen.”

“ I will do whatever you require, but do turn your thoughts to other than worldly matters. Your voice grows weaker, and your features sharper—I can almost see the momentary change. One prayer, my father ; let us join in that together, and let your last words be to him who is the Father of the Fatherless.”

“ I will, I will ; but grant me one favour, and then I shall die happy. All of you leave me for five minutes, only five minutes—Luttrell will look at his watch.”

Moggs looked at the doctor, who, feeling satisfied that his old friend wanted to count his gold once more before he prayed, consented, and the three withdrew, the doctor declaring he would only allow three minutes.

“ Close the door, my son ; do not be disobedient to my last commands.”

It was shut, and no sooner was it fast closed than the miser, summoning his utmost efforts, crawled from his bed and took off every log of wood from the fire. His strength failed him in the act ; his task was done ; and when the doctor, at the expiration of the short time, opened the door, the wretched victim of cupidity was dead by the side of his miserable stretcher, his left-hand grasping the bag of gold, and the right extended as if it had given way under the weight of bones it had supported.

Moggs looked with an eye of astonishment

and horror at the scene before him, whilst Luttrell and the Frenchwoman lifted the corpse and placed it in the bed. But that which caused the greatest attention in the doctor was the fearful tenacity with which the bag was grasped: even in death, before the joints had stiffened, it required some exertion to tear from the withered hand the useless hoard which had accumulated even from charity.

“The dead,” said the doctor, “feel no wrong; we are not robbing him of any useful thing he ever possessed; a bundle of dried leaves would have been of more value than the contents of this bag. Dry your eyes, Masterman, for that is your proper name; you have to live, and we must make the best use of our time before the police interfere; we must search the room, and try to find his papers. He told me I should find the name of his solicitor in his pocket-book; ah! here it is. Pay that woman liberally; retire to your own room, and leave me to arrange all matters. Take that bag with you; be cautious to count its contents, and preserve it carefully until we

meet again. Go, Masterman, I was an old friend of your father's, and you shall not require a better whilst I live. Go, go home and pray."

## CHAPTER XII.

“That was a good run,” said Sir Dionysius, after he had directed his huntsman to take his hounds to their kennel, “and now we may wend our way homewards, and get our appetites in order. Here, little girl, take this sixpence for opening the gate, and share it with your sister. Never keep what you get; distribute it to others, reserving some for yourself, and you will acquire a name which is better than some rich misers possess. Oh! there is old mother Broadway—I must go and speak to her.”

“What is the use of bothering yourself about those old women when we have ten miles to ride?” remarked his son.

“ I bother myself about all the old and the infirm ; go on without me, your conversation is as cold as your heart ; and I fear, when I am gone, and you succeed to the property, many will wish the old man back, and the son in his grave.”

“ Pshaw !” ejaculated the son, “ pray do not keep us waiting for dinner. The old Admiral is coming to-day.”

And away rode the young heir.

“ Hulloo, Mrs. Broadway,” said Sir Dionysius, as he neared her, “ what, on your knees ! I should think at your age sitting was the best posture. Give me a shilling’s worth of pears : what I cannot eat, I can give to some young boys ; there, that’s enough. Now tell me, were you saying your prayers ?”

“ Yes, your honour, I always says my prayers four times a day.”

“ That’s very right and creditable, and you will always prosper whilst you so continue to do. How long have you done this ?”

“ Ever since I kept a barrow-stand at this corner, and that’s, come Lady-day next, forty-two years.”

“Do you always say the same prayer?”

“Always, your worship. I pray that I may not cheat any one.”

“That is rather a singular idea. Is the desire so strong that you must pray for assistance *not* to do it?”

“Bless your worship, it’s both ways I does it. I pray not to cheat, or be cheated.”

“Ah, that indeed!” said the Baronet. “Now, let’s hear what your prayer is.”

“This is all about it,” replied the old woman, who fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands, said, “O, Lord, I pray thee grant that this day I may neither cheat, nor be cheated; but, if so be as it must be one or t’other, why then, *rayther* of the *raytherest*, I’d *rayther* cheat.”

Sir Dionysius burst into a fit of laughter, in spite of his utmost exertions to the contrary, and said, as he had been her best customer, he hoped she had not felt herself *rayther* inclined to cheat him.

“Bless your worship’s heart,” the old woman said, “no one will ever cheat you; all of us prays for you.”

“ Good bye, old lady ! here’s another shilling to guard you against the necessity of cheating for some time.”

And, turning his horse’s head, the Baronet slowly pursued his way homewards.

It was growing towards evening ; the sun was near the horizon, and some clouds, which in the excitement of hunting had been disregarded, threatened to breeze up into a storm ; he therefore quickened his pace into a moderate trot, and, smiling within himself at the curious prayer of the old woman, beguiled the time by a repetition of “ wise saws and modern instances.” He had neared his house about two miles when his horse shied across the road, and, in spite of the rain, which was falling heavily, the Baronet saw the figure of a lad stretched out as if dead, and certainly in the greatest danger of soon being so, if any cart, with a careless driver, happened to pass.

“ Hulloo, my lad,” said the Baronet, “ that’s rather a wet bed you have chosen.”

The boy did not answer.

“ Drunk as an owl, no doubt, but he must not be left there, and, as no one is at hand, I must place him in safety myself.”

As he said this he dismounted, and coaxing his horse near a tree, fastened him to it.

“ Hulloo, my lad,” said the Baronet again, as he gently shook him; “ this cold bed has only one colder. Who are you ? ”

As there was no answer to this question, Sir Dionysius turned the boy’s face towards him, and saw in an instant that the lad had fainted, and was as near death as one could be without actually being so. He instantly placed him flat on his back, and the rain supplied him with water to chafe his temples. The Baronet knelt down in the wet, and, disregarding himself entirely, bestowed all his care on the unfortunate youth. He was ragged almost to nakedness, and pale, wan, and wretched. As the lad recovered, he exhibited the traits of rather a handsome boy, starved to a mere anatomy. The eyes were, although sunken, dark, and clear; the teeth white and regular; and withal, the boy was

far from ill-favoured, although gaunt poverty had nearly forced the cheek-bones through the skin.

“ Who are you, my little man ? ” said the Baronet. “ You do not belong to any one within ten miles of this spot, or I think I should know you.”

“ I have come a long way to see my mother before she died, or I left her for ever.”

“ And what’s your name, my poor fellow ? that is the question I asked.”

“ Jem Broadway, sir.”

“ What, the son of the old woman who sells apples at Midhurst ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And how came you so far away ? ”

“ I was stolen by some gipsies five years ago, and never could get away from them until the other night ; and if they find me, I shan’t be a long-lived man, I expect.”

“ Can you ride ? ”

“ Any thing, sir, when I am well, but I am so weak now I cannot stand.”

“ Come then, let us see if I cannot manage

to put you astride on my saddle: we are not far from a cottage. Now, my lad, lean on me; never mind my coat; that will all brush off when it's dry. Steady, Rattler; steady, old nag; you have a light weight to carry. I'll lead him; do you hold fast."

And in this manner did the charitable, excellent man convey the boy he had saved from death to a cottage nearly a mile distant, where, having placed him under the protection of the cottager, Sir Dionysius desired he might be properly fed and nourished, and that, when strong enough, he was to be taken to his mother, and afterwards to be brought to his house, as he intended to take him into his service.

"Here's something to pay all expenses, my old friend, and mind you do your duty by this poor boy."

With a light heart and wet jacket, the gallant huntsman climbed into his saddle, and, at a brisk trot, soon gained his splendid home. Here all was anxiety and all displeasure, because those who had arrived were kept wait-

ing. The old Admiral, who was a great admirer of punctuality, declared that nothing was ever done regular and in order but on board a ship; there people could not be absent; and he, being a privileged person, growled aloud, whilst his daughters endeavoured to cheer up the heir of the Baronet, by asking him for an account of his day's sport.

The numerous changes and chances of the hunt were soon disposed of, and the story wound up by a rather voluminous batch of oaths and maledictions on the impertinence of poverty, which had nearly occasioned a fall. A vagabond, who ought to have been prosecuted by the society to prevent the indecent exposure of the person, was lying, either from idleness or drunkenness, nearly across the road, to the imminent danger of gentlemen who might be occupied in smoking a cigar, or allowing their thoughts to ramble over the fields of memory, and, forgetting themselves, allow their horse to select his own footsteps.

“The vagrant act,” continued this feeling young man, “was wisely framed by our legislature; for under it any man may be convicted who after dark sits under a hedge to relieve his legs, and, if the vagabond indulges in an hour’s sleep under a haystack, of course he would very properly be sent to the treadmill for a month.”

“I always heard,” said Caroline Clincher, the youngest and the best-looking of the Admiral’s daughters, “that poverty was no sin.”

“Then you heard,” replied the young gentleman, “what is not the truth; there is no greater sin in this world than poverty. The fact is, I suspect, the world was only made for the rich, and that the poor are allowed to exist in it as a special act of favour, that they may have the honour of working for us.”

“Why, Mr. Frenchee,” said the Admiral, “you are just the man to make a mutiny in the state; if you were to go abroad preaching that doctrine, we should soon have a revolu-

tion. The laws are equal to all—at least so I have always been told, on shore—of course on board a ship the affair is widely different.”

“When you make law so expensive that no poor man can resort to it, I presume,” said the heir, with a smile of considerable pity for the Admiral’s ignorance, “that he cannot get justice, and consequently, that the law is available only to the rich—that is an axiom—it cannot be made clearer by demonstration. We gull these gabies with splendid lies that the law is equal—so it is, if you can pay for it—but if you cannot pay for it, why, you must suffer all the insults which affluence may shower upon you. Can a poor man get rid of a reprobate wife? Can a poor man avoid going to gaol for an assault which a rich man pays for without annoyance? In fact, the wisdom of our ancestors was never more conspicuous than when it kept up the authority of the rich by humbling the condition of the poor. Here’s the governor at last; now, I suppose, we shall have some dinner.”

“I wish the poor fellow I picked up,” said

Sir Dionysius, "could have some of the good things which you are so eager to attack. Ah, Admiral, how is your gallant son? I need not ask after your healths, fair ladies; that bloom upon the cheek answers the question before it is asked."

"Master Frederick is in love with Alice Rivers," said the Admiral; "swears everlasting constancy — writes verses — is become silent, morose, and reserved — considers the navy not good enough for a Newfoundland dog — and vows he will die of the yellow fever if he is not to be the happy man to lead Alice to the altar."

"Pray where is Miss Rivers now, Sir Dionysius?" asked Miss Caroline Clincher.

"Why, Miss Caroline, she is with her mother, in Northamptonshire," replied Sir Dionysius. "She wrote to me the other day — we old men are allowed that privilege — giving a great account of her garden, but not mentioning her lovers. I say, my boy, I have picked up a lad I intend to make your groom."

“I wish, governor,” said the heir, “you would not pick up any vagabonds for my establishment. I am not going to be bothered with a parcel of paupers who cannot be trusted out of one’s sight, and who always look sheepish and modest in it.”

“Then I shall take him for myself. I presume I may be allowed that gratification.”

“You may do as you like—but he will contaminate the others.”

“I should like,” said the Admiral, who could not control his temper at the unfilial manner of the son, “to unscrew my wooden leg and to break it over your impertinent skull.”

“Then I’m afraid your head would never save your heels; you know what the French wit says: ‘*Gardons nous de détruire chez les personnes . . .*’”

“I would rather starve in Otaheite, or Pitcairn’s Island,” vociferated the Admiral, interrupting him, “than be gorged to suffocation on delicacies if I am to be condemned to listen to that infernal snuffling lingo.”

“Dinner is ready,” announced the servant;

and a very sincere “thank God” came from the Admiral.

The Admiral’s two daughters were now seen to advantage by the absence of Alice Rivers, and, as the young heir had nothing particular to do, he thought he would bestow a few words upon Caroline; there could be no doubt that any address from such a quarter would be favourably received. The lady herself was well aware that all Sir Dionysius’s fortune would descend to his son, and she evidently was predisposed to love’s fever, if properly excited. The young Dionysius had a peculiar manner of appearing to be very fond of the person whom he addressed; he always spoke in a low tone of voice, inclined his head near the person to whom he spoke, and occasionally gave a melancholy look, excessively sentimental, and rather warm, as the occasion prompted; but it was more a manner than natural; he was just the same when he spoke to a perfect stranger, and many a lady, knowing him to be an elder and an only son, was flushed with delight when she

saw her daughter devouring the honeyed words of this cold unfeeling man.

Sir Dionysius, who knew his son to be inflammable for a moment, and then coldly indifferent, was not anxious he should be married, or that he should, in one of his fevers, walk off with the kitchen-maid. But in this he was wrong: his son had no partiality for the plebeian love of even a ladies' maid; and in the beauties of the nut-brown gleaner, so very evident in print, he could see nothing but a very dirty creature, born for drudgery, and supplied with limbs appropriately clumsy for her avocation.

The Admiral and his daughters had been constant visitors of Sir Dionysius, but then Alice had been there also, and in her presence the pretty Caroline herself had no chance of captivating any one. The varied accomplishments of Alice, her easy manner, her quickness of comprehension, her beautiful face and exquisite figure, with more than common talent, and abundant suavity of manner, placed her so far above the Admiral's daughters that,

if twenty men had been in the room, they might some of them have sat near the Miss Clinchers, but their eyes and their ears would have been devoted to Alice.

There was a plain, homely, contented expression of countenance in Caroline Clincher; she was small, neatly made, with large dark eyes, black hair, and very pretty foot; she was also gay, lively, kind, and endearing; but she was infinitely below Alice Rivers in talent and in energy.

The other Miss Clincher was a tall, lolloping, rough-looking, dark, maypolish, girl, who had become latterly very austere in her manner; she had listened to the ravings of an enthusiastic preacher, and believed herself one of the elect, to the exclusion of every body else. Her constant avocation seemed to be in watching every word which fell from any of the company, and checking, with most masculine impertinence, any ebullition of sudden feeling. She would with equal ignorance and presumption combat the opinions of a bishop in matters of religion; and, having esta-

blished a standard of faith in her own mind, became the most violent and bigoted of women. Such was Harriet Clincher. Love seemed to have no chance in her heart—it was engrossed by a nobler subject—and she disdained the frivolous and idle discourse dignified as “making love.”

The dinner progressed—young Mopus progressed also in his love—the Admiral and his daughter kept up an argument upon the propriety of terms—and the Baronet seemed wrapped up in his own thoughts: he was pondering what he could do with Jem Broadway, and in what situation of life he could place him; he had taken a fancy to the lad he had rescued from death; and, as his son had declared he would not have him in his establishment, Sir Dionysius resolved upon making him a groom, and forthwith put him under the orders of the coachman, resolving the next day to make every inquiry concerning him.

It was quite evident to the Admiral that if young Mopus continued his love-making for a

couple of days at the rate he had begun, one of his convoy would leave him before a week. Caroline evidently fancied the half Frenchified man, and he was of that mercurial temperament that he could make love to half-a-dozen girls at the same time, swearing the profoundest admiration and affection, but seldom committing himself by a positive avowal of affection.

After dinner the love-making grew into a familiar whisper, which is dangerous in the extreme; and when they parted at night there was that peculiar look, that kind of melting of the eye, which speaks more than all Ovid's *Art of Love* got by heart, and repeated with all the volubility of an extempore preacher.

Harriet watched with a jealous eye the attention thus paid to her youngest sister, and was kind enough to tell her, with all the candour of sisterly affection, that she was indebted solely to the absence of Alice Rivers for the attention she had received, and that before disappointment came she had better strengthen her heart to meet it. Caroline

smiled—she was a pure child of nature, and knew no deceit—she had listened to words not commonly addressed to a stranger—she had listened to him who declared his greatest gratification was listening to her—and whilst with consummate art he made a hero of himself, he took care to elevate her above him even in her own estimation. The lessons of the great masters of love had been eagerly treasured up, and he knew well his time to put them in practice; but he was as fickle as the wind, and had no sooner parted from Caroline than he recalled Alice Rivers to his mind, thought of the luxurious revenge of cutting out Frederick Clincher, or of annihilating the bud of promise in the sensitive heart of Trophonius Moggs.

But Mopus had a dangerous character to deal with in the Admiral, who never allowed any privateers to be in the vicinity of his convoy; to approach any of his charges, the proper colours must be flying, and no lurking about under a black flag was tolerated; in truth, it must be told, that the Admiral, as far as his

kind heart allowed him, hated young Mopus ; there was a sneer always upon his lips, and a sudden withdrawal of the eye whenever it met the determined look of another eye.

Early the next morning, Sir Dionysius was at his stable, and his first inquiries were for Jem Broadway. The boy appeared quite another being ; the servants, seeing his distress, had fed him and clothed him, and now, badly enough it must be admitted, filling out the garments of another groom, cleaned, washed, and rubbed down, he looked rather a handsome lad.

“ Well, my little lad,” said Sir Dionysius, as he patted him on the head, “ do you feel better this morning ? ”

The boy looked up with a heart swelling with gratitude, and burst into tears.

“ There, there,” said the Baronet, “ never mind words, my lad ; you have spoken more with your eyes than ever your tongue could say. Here, Thomas,” he continued, addressing the coachman, “ have this youngster fitted out with a livery and a stable dress, and take care of him.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Thomas; “and he is well worth the trouble; he was first up and at work this morning, although, poor fellow, he could hardly stand; if it’s not the story of the new broom, he will soon learn his work here.”

The Baronet’s hand was soon in his pocket, and he gave Jem half-a-crown, telling him to save as much as he could for his mother, and, having duly installed him in his service, and committed him to the care of his coachman, he returned to his house and ordered breakfast. No sooner was this over than his son, with a familiarity quite laudable in these levelling times, said :

“Governor, I want to speak to you, so go in your room.”

At the same time, Caroline Clincher, taking her father affectionately by the arm, directed his steps towards a small boudoir, leaving Harriet standing by the table and saying aloud a long grace.

“Governor!” said the son, “I think it right to tell you that I am going to be married.”

Sir Dionysius gave a very decided ah ! then collecting himself, said :

“ You did right to inform me ; a son should ever consider his father his best friend.”

“ That depends considerably upon the allowance he receives,” answered the son, at the same time taking a match, striking a light, and producing a cigar. “ Will you have one, governor ?” he continued, as he handed his case to him ; “ we shall talk this matter over much better if we make ourselves comfortable before we open any philosophical discussion upon the subject. Marriage, like death, as the French say . . . .”

“ Oh, for Heaven’s sake, spare me !” interrupted the old Baronet. “ I begin to hate that language as much as the Admiral. You have mentioned your marriage as likely ; pray have you committed yourself by writing the offer ?”

“ Certainly not ! in an *affaire de cœur* one’s lips should hardly be trusted, unless they are so close to the other’s that the words may be whispered, and on these occasions, as Pope

says, ‘E’en thoughts meet thoughts ere from the lips they part,’ and so forth. In fact, there is seldom any occasion, with a man of the world, to do more than squeeze a hand and make *les yeux doux*.”

“Then you must have gone through this interesting ceremony,” said Sir Dionysius, “some months since, for you have not seen Alice Rivers for that time.”

“Ha! ha! ha! governor—upon my soul you are the most whimsical old gentleman, and you must provide yourself with spectacles to see clearer. Alice Rivers was likely once to have been favoured with my affection, but I have thought better of that, and I have determined—give me a light, will you, for this confounded cigar is out—to make Caroline Clincher the future Lady Mopus.”

“Caroline Clincher,” said the Baronet, with some surprise; “and pray when did you make her the offer of your hand?”

“I gave her a gentle hint before breakfast.”

“And what did she say?”

“Why, governor, could she say any thing but one thing?”

“She is a greater fool than I took her for then,” replied the governor, with some warmth. “I will speak to the Admiral about it myself.”

“You may do as you deem fittest upon that subject, but it is a waste of time, seeing that I have made up my mind on the matter. I’ll leave you another cigar to compose your thoughts, whilst I write to my jeweller to send down some ornament which his taste may lead him to select. The worst part of being married is the letters one must write, and the answers one must make to all inquiries.”

“My dear, dear father,” said Caroline, as she took her father’s old, hard, wrinkled, and weather-beaten hand in hers, “I trust I have ever done as you desired, and ever studied to meet your wishes.”

“Ah! you are a darling little craft, to be sure; not made up of paint and putty, like a rickety carriage stuck up for sale at a bazaar,

but all fair and above-board ; not hanging out false colours over your taffrail to look larger than you are ; or sailing with a whiff at your peak, as if you wanted to speak every vessel that came in sight of you. No, no, my little Caroline, your heart's as true as your shape, so out with your cargo of words, and let's hear of what your mind is composed."

"Mine is a story, dearest father, that almost every girl tells once in her life. I know you like plain words and no disguise. Frank and open all your life, I trust you will find your daughter the same. Mr. Mopus has made me an offer of marriage."

"A what?" cried the Admiral. "Why, damn his impudence! Does he think that I would let a daughter of mine marry such an everlasting Frenchified monkey-looking monster as he is? Why, he can't speak a sentence of English without lugging in as many words of that diabolical language as would excoriate the nose of a grenadier. Marry my little bluff-bowed Caroline to such a long, sneaking-built, American schooner-like hull as that?

not I! I would rather see you the wife of a regular pirate, than marry a privateer disguised as a ship of war. Did he make you an offer in French?"

"He began by saying that '*Un homme timide ne reussit jamais auprès des belles.*'"

"Stopper over all, Cary, my child; what does that jargon mean?"

"That a faint heart never won a fair lady."

"Then why didn't he say so like a man, and not go and dress it up like a French cook does good beef, spoiling it all by the disguise he uses. '*Un homme timide!*' Damme, couldn't he say a 'faint heart?' I dare say he knows the feeling of one, and that's the reason he thought to look brave by smothering the words in his rubbishing lingo. Well, after he had got rid of that pernicious, sickening sentence, what then? Did he take your hand and say, 'Here's my hand, and here's my heart; give me both of yours, and we'll sail over the ocean of life, like two frigates in a cruize?' or did he screw up his malicious lip like a dog before he snaps at you, and finish the offer of an

Englishman's heart in that everlasting snuffling tongue?"

"Alas! my dear father, in your frame of mind it is almost useless for me to repeat his words; it is sufficient that he offered to make me the future Lady Mopus, the proprietor of this splendid place, and the wife of one that would study her comfort and her happiness."

"Did he say all that in English, Cary?"

Poor Caroline could hardly resist a smile, although her heart was full, and her eyes were fast bedimming with tears.

"Sufficient let it be, my dear father, that he made me such an offer, and I accepted him, subject to your approval."

"That's a good girl; never sail without orders, and I will be as frank with you as you have been with me. If young Mopus had been a steady man, listening with attention to the advice of those older and more experienced than himself; if he had been a dutiful and respectful son, I might have thought him capable of making a good husband; but I see in him nothing but the most superficial know-

ledge, enhanced in the opinion of his flatterers by the plaster of French which he daubs over it; I see in him a man who knows just enough of himself to be aware that he must resort to outside show to be particularized; I see in him a cold heart, an arrogant mind, and a self-sufficient air; I see in him, above all, a disobedient, unkind, refractory son; and, until I alter my opinion, I advise you, if you fear a parent's curse, to think as little of him as he would think of you—I don't mean to be malicious—if Alice Rivers were present."

Poor Cary burst into tears, kissed her father — yes, kissed the very hand which rebuked her, and retired to her room. In the mean while young Mopus had smoked three cigars, written his note to his jeweller, and was now reclining on his sofa, reading a French novel, and thinking just as little of Caroline Clincher as a dog is supposed to think of his grandfather.

"Let us talk over this matter," said Sir Dionysius, as he took possession of the chair poor Caroline had just vacated; "let us talk

it over, I say, like two old men who have the interest of their children at heart, and willing to map out their happiness in preference to our own ; and, Admiral, as I have known you for years, and esteemed your frank, plain-spoken manner ever since I first saw you, I will avail myself of the privilege of my age, and state at once my decided disapproval of my son's marriage."

"That speech puts the whole fleet under the same canvass ; and I, like you, availing myself of the privilege I enjoy of being the captain of my own ship, beg leave to give my positive refusal to the match."

"I trust, my old friend," said Sir Dionysius, "you are not offended at my manner of treating the subject."

"Not a bit," interrupted the Admiral.

"I assure you," replied the Baronet, "no one can entertain a greater esteem for your daughter than I do ; and if I had to select from all the families of the county, none would I prefer to yours ; but my son is so capricious, so young, so variable, so mercurial !"

“I had no idea of *that*,” said the Admiral.

“So volatile, so ungovernable in his temper, so uncontrollable in his actions, that he is much more fitted for a play-actor than a husband; he wants stability of character.”

“He wants,” said the Admiral, “a proper sense of duty to his father; he has never learnt to obey, and, therefore, is ill qualified to command; and if it were nothing else but this everlasting spluttering of French, it would be quite enough to disgust me. We need say no more about it. I shall order my girls to be at single anchor, ready to weigh in a moment; and I shall give orders for my carriage. We part, my old friend, as good friends as ever. I know you have only your son’s welfare at heart, and you will give me the same credit in regard to my daughter.”

“I regret this excessively, Admiral, because for your daughter’s sake it must necessarily estrange us considerably. I shall lose the comfort of your society; and now, when I most desire the continuance of long-formed friendship, I am compelled to abandon it. How will poor little Caroline bear this?”

“Like an Admiral’s daughter: she knows that the breeze does not continue always fair through life. She has heard me say that oftentimes, when near a port, a hurricane blows us off the land; and she has learnt, I hope, from me to make head against all calamities. Women’s love, my old friend, at the age of eighteen, is all moonshine. A few balls, a regiment of dragoons, and a chattering chap at the box of the Opera, soon reconcile them to any momentary disappointment; but when a girl, or rather woman, at seven-and-twenty falls in love, attracted by a man’s sterling qualities, then indeed there may be danger, and a sudden snap of the affections might snap also the string of life. God bless you, Sir Dionysius! when this blows over, I shall give you a hail again.”

The Baronet pressed him warmly by the hand, and faltered out a dismal farewell.

## CHAPTER XIII.

When Caroline entered her room, and in solitude hoped to give vent to her feelings, and to brood over the frustration of her hopes, she burst into tears and sobbed piteously. She was not a girl who thought much of the match as a money bargain. It was true, few places in England could rival, and none surpass, the beauties of this residence; true, she would have been called "My Lady," been bedizened in diamonds, exhibited at court, scrutinized at the Opera, and perhaps toasted at the clubs.

But although she had not entirely disregarded these advantages, yet she had pictured them merely as secondary to the talents, and,

in her eyes, the Apollo-like deportment of young Mopus. He had succeeded, too, in governing his father—that showed some resolution, and he was already master of the house, and director-governor of all its departments. In a young girl's eyes, these are great things; they overlook the more sterling qualities requisite in a husband—domestic habits, filial duty, and steady, unvarying affections. Scarcely, however, had she hurried over in her mind Mopus's declaration of love, and her father's vengeance and curse, than her door opened, and her saintly sister appeared.

“My father has desired me to tell you, Caroline, that in an hour we are to leave this place, and very glad I shall be to quit it; for here, my dear sister, your heart is turned against your soul's benefit, and here are you sighing for the vain things of this life, and indulging in worldly expectations.”

“Do leave me, Harriet, to indulge at least in my own misery.”

“I should ill perform the duty I owe to

you and to myself, if I listened to your unchristian desire. You are told not to set your affections on things below, and you are deservedly punished for not obeying the command. You are mistaken in what you call love; you are merely anxious to be the possessor of this estate, to hear yourself called 'My Lady,' and, in this vain longing, you forget the absence of Alice Rivers; to that alone are you indebted for a declaration which you ought to know, and I can plainly see, is without sincerity."

She ceased, finding her sister was not paying the slightest attention, and only remarking a flush suffuse her face, as the hated name of Alice was pronounced.

"I am ready to go directly my father is ready," said Caroline; "and if you would do me the favour just to ask him to come to me for a moment, you will much oblige me."

"An obedient child would go to its parent. I cannot lend my assistance to any thing I find or think prejudicial to my sister's happiness."

Having thus used her utmost to pour the “leprous distilment” in her ears, she walked with stately solemnity from the room. Caroline ran to the window. The projecting bay window on her right was her lover’s room. She used those little signals which Love dictates; she made slight noises; she hummed a melancholy air; she called to Sir Dionysius, who was on the lawn, in a tone sufficient to arouse the watchfulness of a true lover, without alarming the baronet. All was in vain; her heart’s only object was, as we have before stated, lolling on a sofa, and indulging in the spirit-stirring strain of a novel, as famed for its licentiousness as for its elegance of composition, and was so carried away by the stream of events which followed in torrent-like rapidity from page to page, that had Caroline thrown herself from her window, or jumped into his, it was a thousand chances to one if he noticed either the one or the other. Even the Admiral’s rough voice, calling upon his daughter to come down, as the carriage was ready, failed to arouse him; and, in tears

of the deepest anguish, with a heart bursting with indignation at his indifference, the lovely Caroline was pushed rather than assisted into the carriage by her cold, remorseless sister, who pulled down the blind, in order that no babbling servant should report her sister's weakness, the natural effort of an overcharged heart to relieve itself from suffocation by sighs and tears.

In all our toils and troubles of life, none are more poignantly felt than the first blight of early affection. When life advances, when the world has seared our minds, and taught us to disregard the flattering speeches of superficial friendship, we have other griefs to overcome, other pangs to bear, which neither time nor age can eradicate, and which leave us only when the last gasp for breath has prepared us for the grave. Of all the cares which canker a heart, none wears it away so fearfully fast as long dissembled friendship craving for revenge. Love finishes in suicide or forgetfulness; it seldom gradually wears its victim away, for either pride snaps it at

once, or solitude nurses it to distraction or death.

“That’s a cool performer, Caroline,” said the Admiral, as the carriage drove off. “At least I expected to have seen him swabbing his eyes with that white flag of abomination he is always whisking about. But the devil a bit! he sees his little convoy get under way, and never once shows his colours at parting.”

“My dear papa,” said Harriet, “you really shock me; a man of your age, whose grey hairs betoken wisdom, to peril your soul by the familiar mention of Satan, who for ever is prowling about seeking whom he may devour—it is dreadful!”

“Poor little soul!” said the Admiral, as he took Caroline’s hand between his; “dry your eyes, my child, and think no more of one who is unworthy of you, if only from his neglect. Had he been a sailor, he would have blockaded the port so closely that a bumble-bee could not have escaped; he would have bribed your maid, sent you a parting ode, swore never to have forgotten you, and have chir-

rapped under your window like a nightingale to the moon."

"I hope he will never commit any such irreligious extravagancies," said Harriet; "he never loved Caroline—his love is for Alice Rivers, and my sister must know that it was the charms of his prospects, more than of his person or mind, that attracted her. The quiet of our own home, the able council of Mr. Stratelocks, his pious resignation, the exquisite harmony of his voice, his sober manner, and his just estimation of the world, will, I hope, wean Caroline from her folly, and point out to her the road of all happiness."

"I wish," said the Admiral, "you would be more charitable in your observations about Alice Rivers; and as for your friend Mr. Stratelocks, I beg to say that a more snivelling scoundrel, a greater humbug, or a more canting, whining hypocrite never walked a floor; and it's lucky for him I have not got him in blue water, or I would make a martyr of him, and flog him soundly."

"He would bear it meekly, as he can bear

the reproaches of the wicked. His happiness is not of this world ; his eyes are on heaven ; and fortunate, indeed, are those who, not wilfully blind, see with his eyes ; he shall whisper consolation to you, Caroline, and his words will not, I hope, fall on a barren soil."

About two hours after the departure of the Clinchers, and whilst Mr. Mopus was busily employed in curling his whiskers, and scenting his person, a most exquisite travelling carriage was seen approaching the house. It was one of those neat vehicles, which are in themselves the very passports of wealth. Mopus saw it, and hastened the nice arrangement of a large enamelled brooch in the fall of a gorgeous satin cravat. "There's happiness," said he to himself, "honourable happiness. '*L'or fait tout, l'honneur et bonheur*'—that's stylish, that's exquisite ; I must go and welcome such a visiter."

To his great astonishment, out stepped Trophonius Moggs, not, as of old, with timid step and fearful countenance, but with all the air of a man of fortune, who knows that '*l'or fait tout.*'

“ Ah, Mopus, how are you ?” he began, as he seized with coarse familiarity the gloved hand—“ devilish rough your roads are, to be sure. I thought I should be shaken out of my skin, as Irishmen shake the bones out of a herring—that brooch is all wrong, and that gold-bespangled satin cravat quite gone by—how’s your governor ?”

Even young Mopus, accustomed as he was to hear himself comment on the dress and fashion of others, looked astounded at this abrupt and unusual address from one who formerly bowed to his decision, and seemed to live and move and have his being in the sunshine of so great a man as himself. He looked at him with the most profound astonishment, and listened, as if he doubted his hearing, to the orders given to François to convey his dressing-case to his room, and be careful not to disturb his imperial. Formerly, Mr. Moggs had come down with a rusty-looking old portmanteau, and his dressing-case was comprised in a roll of dingy-coloured leather. One miserable razor, bought from a

Jew for a couple of shillings, served to scrape his half-shaven face ; whilst a tooth-brush, wrapped in a piece of paper, in company with a small shaving and nail brush, might nearly have constituted all the comforts of his toilette, excepting indeed a head-brush, which, from its appearance, was more resembling a dog's brush which the lazy maid had never washed.

The dignified look of Sir Dionysius, although delighted to see his poor friend again, was a barrier against any freedom of address on the part of Trophonius, who could not forget that grey hairs and seventy years of age are entitled to respect from the young and the gay.

“ Why, you look better than ever, Moggs,” said the Baronet — “ welcome here again ! — your old room is vacant — make yourself at home — come when you like — go when you like.”

“ He has somewhat forestalled all that, governor,” said young Mopus, with a sneer — “ he has ordered his carriage to the stable ;

his dressing-case to be unpacked, and his imperial to be carefully handled."

"No malice, my son; no malice, my son—if Moggs travels in the finest chariot ever built, or comes up in a wheelbarrow, it's the same to me, so long as he comes satisfied of his welcome and pleased again to see his old friends. Go, Moggs, my boy, and get ready for dinner; we shall have to eat it all ourselves, for lovers live upon sighs, and turn pale at the sight of food which supports us miserable beings."

Young Mopus turned round, evidently disgusted, and said, quite loud enough for his parent to hear—

"I wish, governor, you would mind your own business, and keep your tongue from betraying my secrets."

Sir Dionysius was quite used to such language; he had never had any other addressed to him from the time his son had gone to Oxford and learnt, *not* any particular branch of science, but that he was a *man*, being a good judge of port-wine, religion, and whist, and

quite justified in any contempt of his father, who had never been to one of the universities, and consequently could know nothing of such deep subjects.

As Sir Dionysius and his son were both dressed, and as the dinner was announced before Trophonius came down, the sire and son walked into the dining-room, where, besides his own servants, he saw a large-whiskered monkey-faced man, dressed most exquisitely, and standing aloof from the other servants. Sir Dionysius bowed respectfully, and, believing the gentleman to be a friend of his son's, pointed to a chair, and begged his son to introduce him. With all the impudence of an ungrateful child, young Mopus mimicked his father, begged that monsieur would be seated, and presented him with mock gravity as the travelling companion of Mr. Moggs. The servants could not restrain themselves, and they forgot at that moment the respect due to their master, their own situations, and the propriety of respectful behaviour.

At this moment, most fortunately, Tro-

phonius himself appeared, and apologized for having brought his servant ; mentioning that he was his French valet de chambre, without whom he never moved.

This circumstance wounded Sir Dionysius ; he felt that he had made himself ridiculous before his own establishment, and he felt himself lowered in their estimation. But he was a thorough gentleman, and his guest could not perceive, from the urbanity of his manner, the shock his pride had sustained.

Young Mopus was in raptures at the mandarin bob, as he termed it, his father had given to the valet de place, and he availed himself of every opportunity of addressing François in French, in order to show his profound accomplishment in that language.

Moggs, from being somewhat of a cleanly dressed, plain man, had become the very acme of fashion ; he had been turned out by his valet in all the puppyism of a French dandy. This was observed by Sir Dionysius, but he took care not to advert to it whilst the servants were present. When, however, they

were removed, he asked Moggs if he had drawn a prize in the lottery ; or if he had, like post-chaises and young travellers, returned the worse for his continental tour.

“ Faith,” said Sir Dionysius, “ you left me an Englishman, sterling in all but money, and you have returned more like a play-actor in dress, and a Frenchman in manner.”

“ That’s a peculiarly pleasant manner my governor has acquired,” said Mopus, “ of putting his friends at their ease. I suppose Trophonius, who now keeps awake, and looks so, is going to marry some rich heiress, and is posting down the chariot which is to convey his lovely bride to some sequestered spot.”

“ I came down here,” said Trophonius, with more good taste than his dress indicated, “ to share a portion of my happiness by imparting it to one who has ever received me with kindness and attention ; and now, Sir Dionysius, if you will allow me, I will make you acquainted with the results of my visit to Paris. In the first place, it is requisite that I should tell you that my name is changed for one of

more euphony than Moggs. I am now Trophonius Masterman, with a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds."

Sir Dionysius grasped his hand and warmly congratulated him; whilst Mopus, who was excoriating a peach, smiled incredulously, and summoned in his countenance all the visible marks of envy, hatred, and jealousy. He had lost an admirer—a follower—but who, however rich, was not proof against satire. Neither wisdom, experience, nor worldly manner, had descended in the shower of gold which now emblazoned him.

With considerable feeling, Masterman, as we shall call him for the future, detailed all that the reader is at present acquainted with, and then continued as follows—

"When I retired to the hotel, I threw myself on my bed, and at once began to assume the right of a son, by reading the numerous papers I had carried away from my father's death-bed. Here I found an account of my birth, which I need not relate; here, too, was the reason of my name being changed, and of

the dreadful apprehension that my father might one day see me. In his youth he must have known that secret which I long wished to discover—that of making money. He held a situation of no great amount of salary in India; but he contrived, by parsimonious living, to save immensely, and to lend at usurious interest. On his return to Europe, he went to France, and, being a man of curious mind, he paid a large sum of money to a female fortune-teller and cheat, who subsisted upon the credulity of ignorance, and who, consequently, was oftentimes resorted to by the sanguine in love or the crossed in affection. This star-gazing quack flourished by fools frequently coming to hear their destinies pronounced from the painted lips of a fat French charlatan; and some girls, slightly incredulous before, became her sincerest believers when they were promised the men they most loved, and the family they most coveted. Of course the fortune varied in proportion to the sum paid; and in this alone my father seemed generous. He was told that, if he

dived deeper into the mysteries of Nature, and paid a few hundred francs more, the secret he most coveted to know would be divulged—namely, the hour and the cause of his death. He ridiculed the verse of Pope :

‘ Oh, blindness to the future kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven !’

and with trembling hand he deposited the required sum. He was desired to call at the end of the week, having first given the year, day, and hour of his birth. He received in return a horoscope, from which it was inferred that he was born under Saturn ; and, after detailing his life, and certainly having made one or two pretty good guesses as to what he had done, and which, more or less, every one does, he arrived at the last page, which was covered with a piece of black crape.

“ ‘ Dare you,’ said the astrologer, ‘ remove that black veil, and see your destiny ? ’

“ For a moment my father hesitated — for on his return home, he had written down his feelings and thoughts as they at that time occurred to him.

“ ‘It were better,’ continued the astrologer, ‘that you seek not your destiny, for, as the time approaches, your life will be embittered. Man’s birth, and life, and death, are enrolled in the Book of Heaven, and that book I have carefully read. Your destiny is there, and my task is done—it remains alone for you to tremble and to read.’

“ ‘I will take it home, and there, summoning my courage, I will lift this black veil.’

“ ‘No,’ said the fortune-teller, with emphasis,—‘here, where your nativity was cast, here must the book of life be read. With this telescope I examined the stars; here I calculated events, and here must the fate be examined—here, and here only. Now lift the dark veil which announces your death, or tear off the sybil leaf and burn it in this fire.’

“ ‘But my money,’ said my father, ‘my money—will you return my money?’

“ ‘Have I not told you, money will be your curse; and, great as shall be your fortune, little shall you benefit by it. Your life I have told and foretold, for you have yet

some years to live. From what has passed, you may judge of my accuracy in regard to the future; decide—your money can never be returned.’

“ ‘Then I will have all I can for it,’ said my father, and with desperate resolve he tore off the crape:—there he saw, written in a rounder and more legible hand, in larger letters and darker ink, the following, which I have preserved: ‘The son shall be the herald of the father’s death. The father shall live until he is fifty-five; but after that period, on the same day that he shall see and know his son, he dies.’

“ This prophecy so operated on my father’s mind, that, fearing the astrologer had mistaken the year to which he was to live, he resolved never to see me more. My name was changed to Moggs. I was sent to England, and kept in the darkest ignorance of my father. My unfortunate resolution to discover him has thus fatally terminated. He saw me in the court, but he did not know me; and, until the evening of his last day, he never

knew his son since he had numbered his fifty-fifth year ; and then, worn down by sickness, weakened in mind and body, and believing his fate inevitable from the prophecy which tormented him, his feelings were so overpowered, his whole frame so nervous and agitated, that, when I was ushered into his presence, and took his cold, clammy hand, Death at that moment, with an impatient clutch, seized his prey."

"Then you mean to say," said Mopus, with a sneer, "that you killed your own father?"

"I certainly shortened his life," said Masterman ; "for had I remained in England, and not foolishly sought to discover his retreat, he might have lived for the next twenty years."

"You never would have been worth a straw if the horoscope had not !—Take some claret. Some heirs never get into possession, and human life is prolonged, by the improved science of medicine, about ten long years."

"I shall keep you waiting," said Sir Dionysius, "for some time longer yet, I hope ; not

that I fear death, but that I think I am unprepared to die. And so, Masterman, you are worth five hundred thousand pounds."

"About that sum—a little more, perhaps. In this respect my father was wonderfully careful that I should inherit the sum he had saved, for he managed to keep accounts at three or four bankers; and in tin boxes, of which he always kept the keys, although he placed them at the several bankers, was written not only what he had deposited in foreign funds at the one, but at all the bankers; so that, when I appeared, each banker became a check against the other, and I knew to a fraction what was forthcoming."

"And how long was it after you became possessed of this money that you curled your whiskers, patronized an imperial, and chartered a French valet? If you, Mr. Masterman, could only hear what people of my age think when they witness such a frivolous change, you would brush out that bush, shave off the imperial, send your monkey-faced fellow back to his brotherhood, and become a

plain, straightforward Englishman. I am glad the Admiral went to-day, or he would, perhaps, from his good-natured, straightforward manner, have insulted even a man of twenty thousand a-year. But I have a favour to ask you."

"Whatever it may be, Sir Dionysius, I pledge myself to do it, provided," Masterman said, with a smile, "it does not condemn the harvest on my cheeks, or control my French valet."

"Neither one nor the other. I saved the life of a boy the other day; I want to place him with some one better able to watch him than I am at my age—will you take him as groom, or footman, or any thing?"

"Most certainly; and, with your permission, I will enrol him in my establishment directly."

No mortal can tell the bitter feeling of envy young Mopus experienced as he heard the man, who, six months before, had scarcely a shilling in the world, who agreed in all he said, who was like a poodle-dog, to fetch and

carry at command, now at once to usurp an ascendancy over him—talk of *his* establishment, *his* fortune, *his* carriages; and, by being independent in fortune, at once shake off the respect he had ever evinced towards him.

“Take him,” said Mopus, “and you will have employment for the next six months in polishing the brute sufficiently to be seen in the park. The governor wanted to fasten him on me, but I begged to decline the honour.”

“And now I have found in Masterman,” said the old Baronet, “more respect and more friendship than in my own son.”

“Now,” said Masterman, “it is my turn to ask a favour, and . . . .”

“Ask it,” said the Baronet.

“Where is Alice Rivers?”

“At her mother’s, in Northamptonshire.”

“Single yet?” said Masterman, with some emotion.

“Single,” re-echoed the Baronet.

“Then now I have some hopes I yet may have that beauty as my wife; for, I am not

ashamed to say I feel the blessing of my fortune most, as rendering me eligible for her hand. We shall not clash in that quarter, Mopus, I hope?"

"No, no," said the Baronet; "my son's love is not in that quarter, and at present, for some time to come, he must not whisper soft nonsense in a woman's ears."

"I shall do and act just as it pleases me," said the cub; "and I see no reason why I may not aspire to the hand of Alice Rivers as well as any other man who may happen to have found a fortune."

As this was said with a little asperity, Masterman turned the conversation, and asked Sir Dionysius if parliament was easy of access.

"Again," said young Mopus, to himself, "is this creeping insect to surpass me? is he to possess Alice — the fairest, brightest, loveliest girl in England?" (he had already forgotten Caroline) "to be a member of parliament? to occupy a proud place in London? and I to wait shivering here until my father

dies, and lose all my advantages during his life?"

He never spoke once after this, but turned his thoughts into resolves how he would act, although every now and then, as his father gave Masterman the benefit of his long experience, he looked with a devilish sneer at him, who by this time he hated with an intensity of hatred only known to those who feel the advancement of one beneath them as an usurpation of their own rights and privileges.

Sir Dionysius gave the best advice possible, recommending Masterman not to bite at every bait, but to seek out some respectable solicitor; and as money alone *now* wins every election, and bribery is as common as shrimps at Brighton, he had only to produce the requisite sum, and the return was as certain as that of the sun's to-morrow.

"A canvas is useless," continued he; "for my own part, I believe the arrival of the candidate at the eleventh hour just as likely to forward his views as a residence for a week at a dirty inn, where you are inundated by stanch

friends, who drink and carouse at your expense, put out their dirty hands to be welcomed, and take offence at the most trivial remark which may not be in accordance with their enlightened views. You thus avoid the irksome task of being smoked to death at their nightly meetings, and escape the greater penance of making speeches and drinking brandy ; besides which, as my son might think, in regard to women, ‘ a new face has sometimes more charms than a known beauty.’ The day is passed when every man expected to be canvased for his honourable vote ; now he expects to be *paid* for it. Amongst all the lower classes of voters, varying from their most respectable to their most villanous, there is a sliding-scale of bribery. Your better sort gets a guinea, as a matter of course ; your slightly doubtful gets a couple ; and so on, until I have known it, in my own experience, reach one hundred pounds a vote. In this, of course, I do not speak of the higher classes, who, in many instances, would rather see their borough disfranchised than witness the bribery which demoralizes the poor, and

makes the town for a week a den of drunkards. Come, let's have some coffee ; and, as I am somewhat of an invalid, I shall avail myself of my privilege as your friend, and retire to my room."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON :

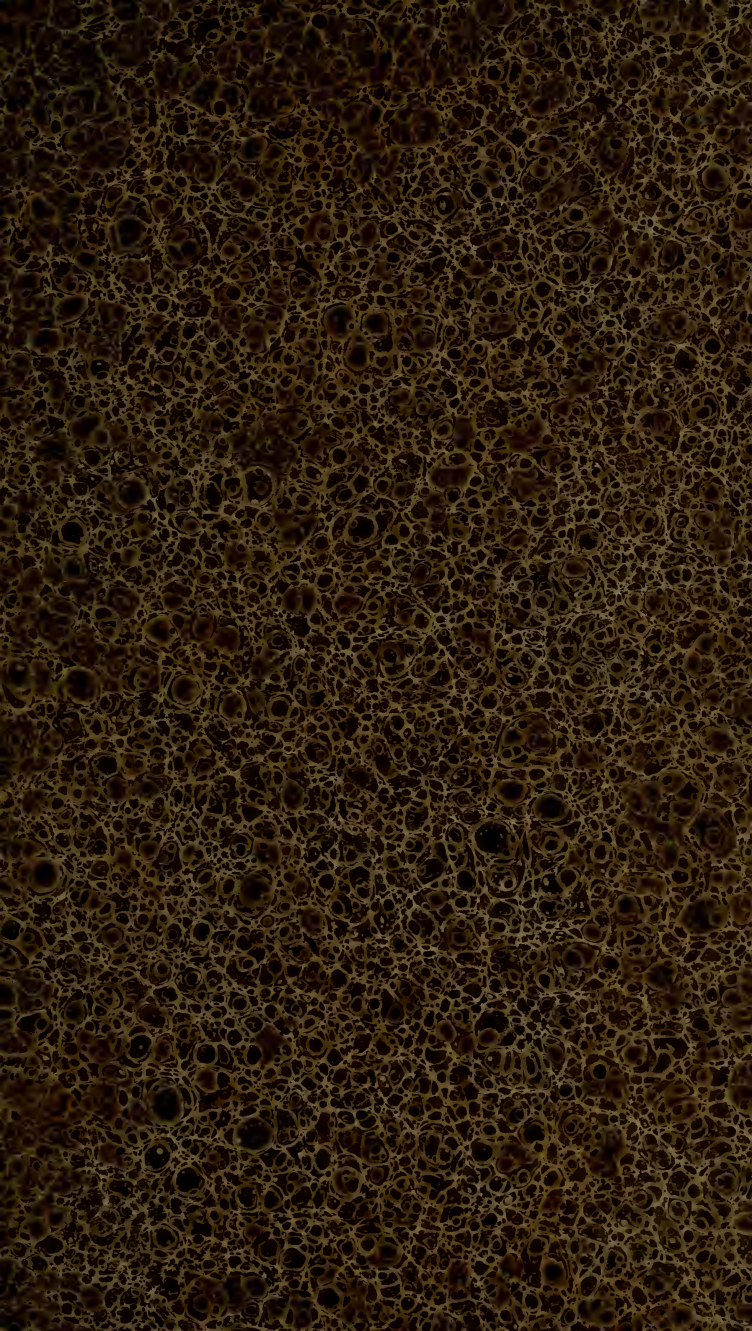
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